

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 554.—Vol. XXII.

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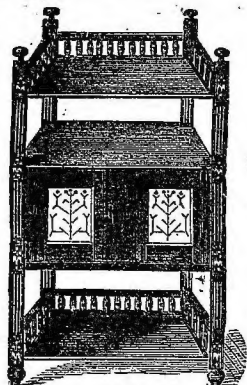
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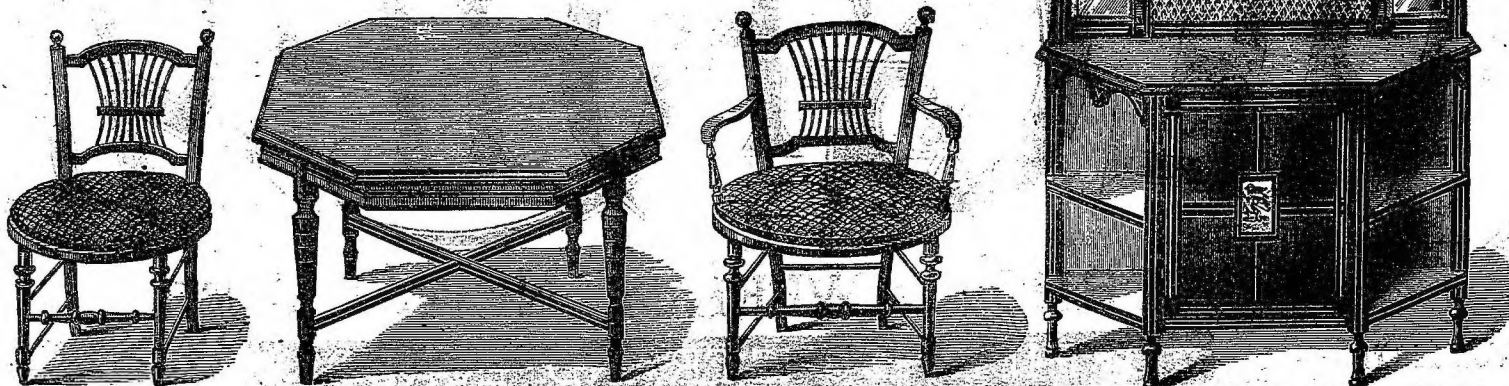
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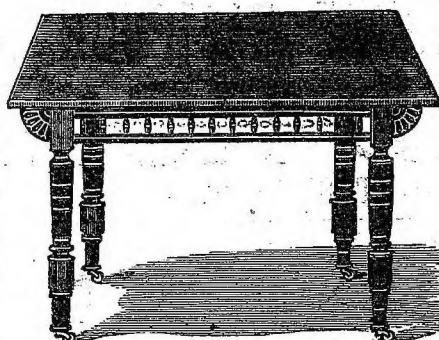
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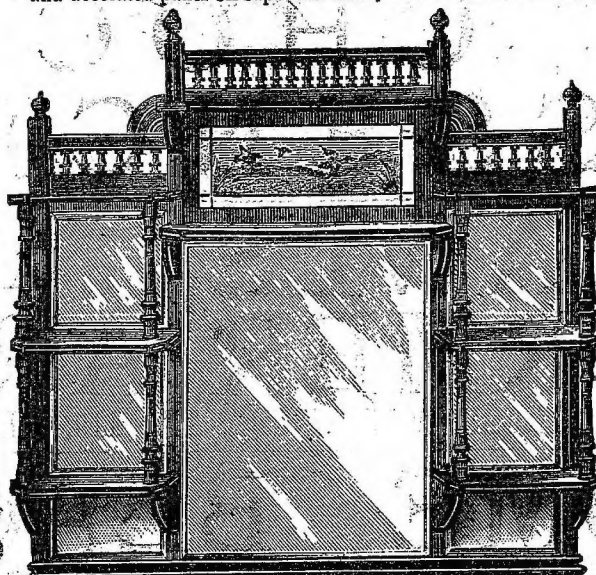
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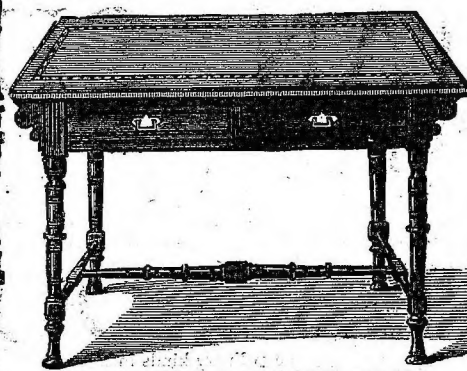
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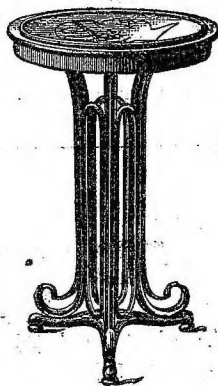
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and

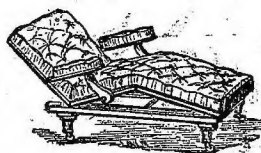
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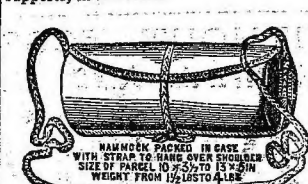
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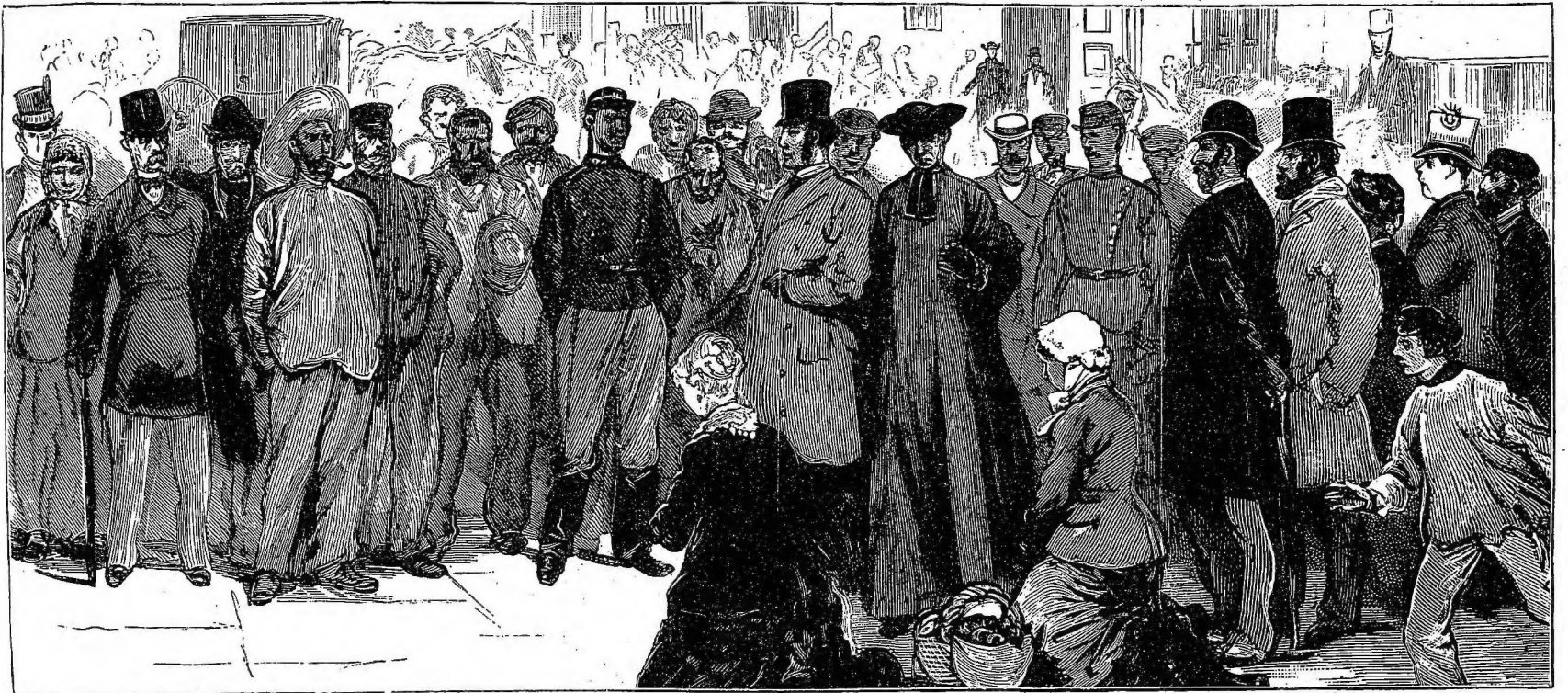
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE JESUITS LEAVING THE CONVENT IN THE RUE SÈVRES, PARIS



INSIDE THE CONVENT—THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE READING THE DECREE OF EXPULSION BEFORE BREAKING OPEN THE INNER DOOR
THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM FRANCE

Topics of the Week

TURKEY AND THE POWERS.—There can be no sort of doubt that Turkey would act wisely if she quietly accepted the decision of the Berlin Conference. Now that Europe has investigated the Greek claims and resolved to satisfy them, the territory assigned to the Hellenic kingdom must in the end be conceded. There are signs, however, that the Porte has not the slightest intention of yielding to the will of the Powers. The Mahomedan population is furious at the humiliation which, they say, Europe proposes to inflict upon them; and the Sultan is threatened with the loss of his throne if he submits. A change of tone may at the last moment take place in Constantinople; but at present the general opinion on the Continent is that the Porte will, directly or indirectly, attempt to thwart its foreign counsellors. The situation is most serious for England; for Mr. Gladstone's Government has so completely identified itself with the Greek cause that it cannot possibly draw back. The Greeks are determined to enforce what they now talk of as their rights, and should they do so, Great Britain cannot permit them to fall into serious trouble. Germany and Austria ostentatiously proclaim that they will not do more than offer good advice, and the French display no willingness to pass from diplomacy to action. The *Temps*, indeed, which is frequently inspired, has repeatedly warned England that she must not expect French help, and that as she summoned the Conference it is her business to execute its policy. We have, therefore, to face the possibility of a war with Turkey; and it is a possibility, we venture to say, which no class of the community regards with favour. To act a friendly part towards Greece is all very well; to fight for her would not be so agreeable, especially when we know that the first shot fired from an English man-of-war would be the signal for the break-up of the Ottoman Empire.

THE GREAT GAS EXPLOSION.—Science and practical experience combine to teach us that beneath the apparently solid crust of earth on which we tread there are hidden fires which make themselves manifest in the form of earthquakes and volcanoes. But to these dangers, which in some countries are always imminent, human ingenuity has added an artificial parallel. Few persons, however, realised this until after the remarkable accident of last Monday evening. It is now evident that in all our cities and towns the underground arrangements rendered necessary by the use of gas for lighting purposes have brought about a condition of things in which the subterranean forces of Nature are imitated with an accuracy which might be interesting if it were not alarming. Beneath our thoroughfares there are miles of tubes filled with an invisible substance designed for the illumination of our streets and houses. Unadulterated, this hydrogen gas will burn, but will not blow up; if, however, it is mingled with a certain proportion of common air, it becomes as explosive as gunpowder. Now, by some means or other, from the leakage of a valve perhaps, this fatal commingling took place in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, and the effect, when a light was applied, was just as if trains of gunpowder had been laid beneath the streets. Lamentable as this disaster is, it might have been far more lamentable. Considering the circumstances, the destruction of life and limb was marvellously small. If the chief force of the explosion had been expended in a leading thoroughfare, and on a Saturday night, or when some special attraction had drawn dense crowds into the street, the loss might have been equal to that of a great battle. Minor gas explosions—generally caused by individual carelessness—are not uncommon, but till now a main service-pipe beneath a public thoroughfare has never blown up. The recollection of this fact should reassure timid people, for it proves that during a period of some sixty years the gas companies' servants have done their risky work carefully. Nevertheless this disaster indicates that some reform is now needed. It would be more prudent, for example, if street gas-pipes were tested by means of safety-lamps instead of naked lights. Then, what with steam-rollers and railway waggons, street traffic is heavier than it used to be. An unusual strain upon the pavement may have caused the injury which practically converted gas into dynamite. If all our underground pipes were placed, as they are in some new streets, in specially-constructed subways, the cost at the outset would be heavy, but in time we should save money, as the perpetual disturbance of our roadways would be rendered unnecessary.

MR. FORSTER'S BILL.—It is significant that a large number of Liberals either voted against Mr. Forster's Irish Bill or abstained from voting altogether. And it is almost certain that if severe pressure had not been brought to bear on the party, the measure would have been thrown out at the second reading. The fact is not at all surprising, for the more the Bill has been examined by impartial politicians, the less they have liked it. Mr. Forster was at great pains to prove that it was not intended as a sop to the anti-rent agitators; but whatever may have been his motives for introducing it, it will unquestionably inflict severe hardship on the Irish landlords. This view is pooh-poohed by many Englishmen; but men like Mr. King-Harman, who cannot be accused of treating his tenants unfairly, must be assumed to have the best means of knowing the actual condition of

the country. And what he says is, that there are large numbers of the peasantry from whom rent can never be obtained except by a threat of ejectment. The probability is, therefore, that in many cases rent will not be paid during the next two years even by farmers who are perfectly competent to meet their obligations. If the peasantry would be permanently benefited, there might be some excuse for inflicting a heavy fine on the landlords; but, as a matter of fact, it is the peasantry who will in the end be the chief sufferers. For most of them take for granted that they are now about to be permanently delivered from the necessity of paying rent. Conceive their disgust and indignation when they discover that Parliament has no such intention, and that in 1882 they will be expected to make up arrears for which they have perhaps made no provision! It will be wonderful if, in these circumstances, Irish discontent does not become deeper and more bitter than ever.

THE TAY BRIDGE REPORT.—Practically, there is no difference of opinion between Mr. Rothery and his two "expert" colleagues concerning the Tay Bridge. Like the leg of mutton which Dr. Johnson so vigorously denounced, that structure was ill-designed, ill-constructed, and ill-maintained. But while Colonel Yolland and Mr. Barlow stop short of apportioning the blame for these grievous misdeeds, Mr. Rothery speaks out boldly, and severally censures Sir Thomas Bouch, the contractors, the railway company, and the Board of Trade Inspectors. All these persons, according to Mr. Rothery, failed to perform efficiently the several duties which they had undertaken to do. If this be the case, they are morally, if not legally, quite as responsible for the deaths of that multitude of persons who were hurried into eternity on that stormy December night as a pointsman is who, by turning the points wrongly, causes a railway collision. When such accidents as these occur the pointsman is sent for trial, and, though his offence is usually due to nothing worse than carelessness, which in itself is often caused by overtaxed energies, he not unfrequently undergoes a criminal penalty. The people who are responsible for the Tay Bridge disaster are, judging from the Report, worse than the typical pointsman, inasmuch as their neglect must have been chronic and deliberate, yet it is very doubtful if they will receive any punishment. Meanwhile it is rather disquieting to reflect that there may be Tay Bridges all over the country; that is, structures which are supposed to be safe, because they have never been thoroughly tested, and which will probably stand bravely enough until they are brought down by some unusual blast of wind, or flood of rain, or intensity of frost. This is a subject which yearly becomes more urgent, seeing that the railway bridges erected in the early days of steam locomotives, and which were safe enough when they were built, may now in some cases be growing decrepit under the combined influences of time, traffic, and weather.

THE AMNESTY.—The refusal of the French Senate to accept the proposals of the Government respecting the Amnesty took the extreme Radicals by surprise. They had not supposed that it would have courage to put itself in opposition to the Chamber of Deputies, and a good many of them were of opinion that no time should be lost in abolishing it. This was very characteristic of the intolerant spirit of French Radicalism, but fortunately all Liberals in France are not equally dogmatic. The more moderate Republicans took the objections of the Senate into consideration, and soon perceived that there was really good ground for opposing the restoration of every Communist to civic rights, seeing that a considerable proportion of the exiles were condemned for common felony. A compromise has been effected, and we may now anticipate that a troublesome question will soon be removed out of the way. It would be going too far to say that no harm will come of the return of the Communists, since no one can tell whether they have been deeply impressed by the experiences of the last nine years. They may come home with all their old fanatical ideas, and embittered by the severity of their punishment. In that case they will be the most uncompromising enemies of any Government that may happen to be in power, and they will give a fresh impetus to the elements of discontent which are in agitation beneath the surface. Unless, however, the wisest Frenchmen are mistaken, the Republic is strong enough to permit perfect freedom of speech; and it is well that there should be no prominent grievance capable of being used as an instrument of attack against existing institutions.

MILITARY ATHLETICS.—Lord Fortescue's proposal that military cadets should be examined in walking, riding, leaping, swimming, and such-like bodily exercises, as well as in the usual bookish accomplishments, has a very attractive air. But, according to the testimony of the Duke of Cambridge and of other experts, the change is not required. The youths who aspire to become officers are not pallid, languid bookworms, as some feared they would become under the pressure of ideas of military training imported from Germany. They are, as a rule, declares the Duke, fine stalwart fellows, often over six feet high, and already devoted (some may say inordinately) to those sports which invigorate the bodily frame. Indeed it seems to us that Lord Fortescue's proposal is less needed in army training schools than anywhere else. The youths who aspire to serve the Queen under arms are almost always by nature more fond of using their muscles than their brains, and then the training they

get as G. C.'s at Woolwich encourages these tastes, inasmuch as they learn riding, practical surveying, and other arts, such as putting big guns into position, &c., which cannot fail to render them handy fellows. Indeed, such a curriculum as that of Woolwich might be introduced with great advantage in our non-military public schools. We wish Lord Fortescue would rather expend his physical-force enthusiasm on the shopmen and artisans of the great towns. The majority of them take a keen interest in athletic pursuits, but few of them have the leisure or the opportunity for much practice. What thousands of young men there are in London who scarcely ever get the chance of using the muscles of their arms as vigorously as Nature means them to be used! Hence round shoulders, flaccid flesh, and indifferent health. We hope the day will come when every man under sixty in fair health will be compelled by law to pass a certain amount of time every week in military training or other athletic exercise. It could easily be done if we would abate our dollar-hunting propensities. Meanwhile, a happy thought. We are not among those who desire to improve poor Bung off the face of the earth. We want to reform him. Why should not one of the conditions of a license be a room or yard fitted up with proper gymnastic appliances, on a scale proportionate to the rent of the house?

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS.—Several members of the House of Lords are determined not to let the system of elementary education be radically changed without thorough discussion. The question whether primary schools should be allowed to teach secondary subjects was raised again on Tuesday, and the debate was as good as any to which the question has given rise for some time. A great many people seem to fancy that if objections are offered to the teaching of science and literature in Board Schools the only reason can be that the objectors dislike the advance of popular education. This indicates a complete misunderstanding of the whole subject. What is maintained is not that the children of the poorer classes should be prevented from obtaining a high kind of education, but that the primary school is not the proper place in which to obtain it. This is unquestionably the view which is taken in countries that have given most attention to educational matters. An elementary schoolmaster is not as a rule adapted for the work of advanced teaching, and even in cases in which his competence is beyond dispute he cannot have sufficient time for this sort of duty. If he devotes attention to the teaching of Latin or physics, he must in some measure neglect the humbler branches which form his special department. The result is that no part of his work is well done; and, as a matter of fact, there are complaints that in many Board Schools the higher pupils are apt to be prigs and those of a lower grade dunces. The true solution of the difficulty is probably to distinguish sharply between primary and secondary schools, and to connect the former with the latter by means of open scholarships. It cannot of course be the duty of the State to provide such scholarships; but there ought not to be much difficulty in obtaining them in a country where vast sums are given away every day in charity.

SUNDAY SCHOLARS AND THE RAIN.—Events in which a number of persons participate make a far more vivid impression in early life than they do later on, and thousands of school children will doubtless retain to the end of their days a distinct recollection of the Sunday School Centenary. With some the reminiscences will probably not be altogether of a pleasant character. They will remember how they stood for hours on the wet grass waiting to catch a glimpse of the Prince and Princess, and how glad they were to warm their chilly little bodies if only by the exercise of singing hymns. "Evil is wrought by want of thought As well as want of heart," and we venture to hint to the managers of this celebration that it was a piece of downright cruelty, under such treacherous skies as those of these islands, to bring thousands of children to a place where there was no indoor shelter, or indeed shelter of any sort. For the distinguished personages present we need not feel any special compassion. They had comfortable carriages and appetising luncheons, and they never stop long. But it is otherwise with the poor children; and we feel sure that if the ghost of kind-hearted Robert Raikes witnessed the scene, he was far less pleased with the compliment paid to himself than indignant at the stupid heedlessness which caused so much discomfort, and, it is to be feared in the case of delicate children, some instances of serious injury.

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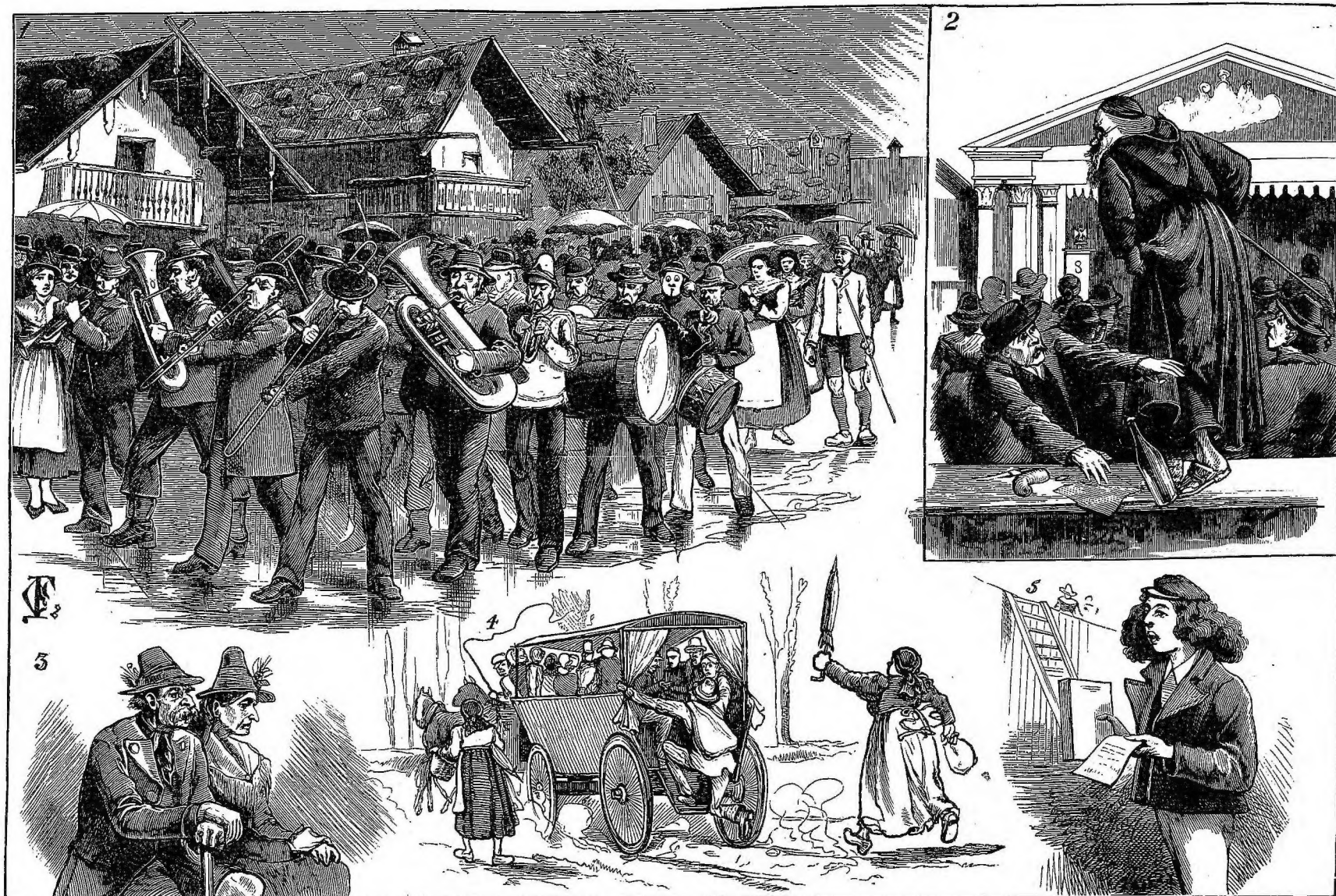
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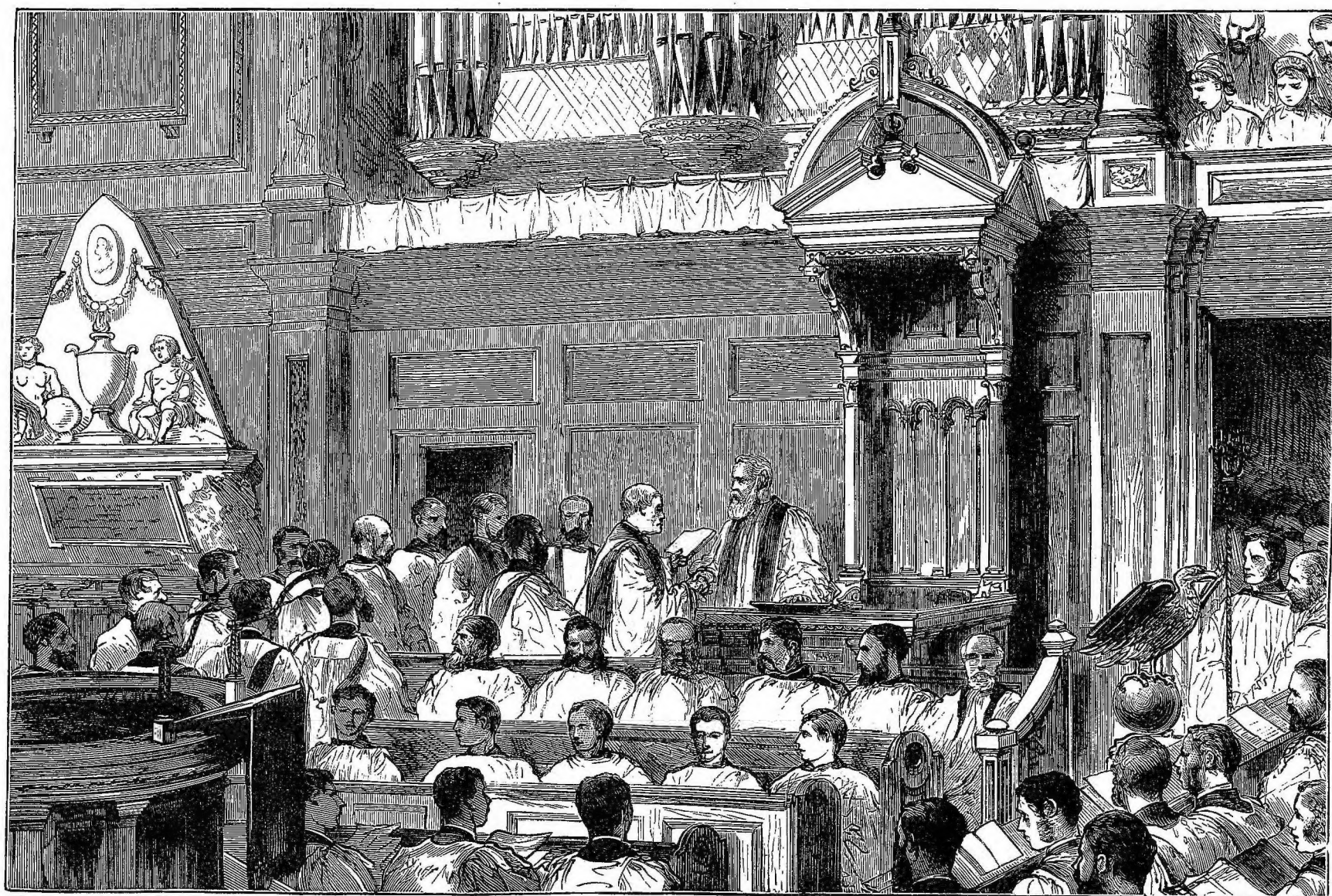
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It is difficult for people in England to form an adequate idea of the prevailing distress in the Vilayet of Diarbekir. In the khan of the town, a large gloomy building appointed by the Government as a place of refuge for the destitute, there are at present more than



1. The Band Marching through the Streets.—2. Making His Way under Difficulties.—3. The Pit.—4. Country Folk Going Home.—5. A Two-part Performer : Selling Playbills and Acting.
THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY—NOTES IN THE CROWD



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL (ST. PETER'S PARISH CHURCH), LIVERPOOL



MR. R. RATHBONE



MR. H. FISHER



COL. H. F. CLARK



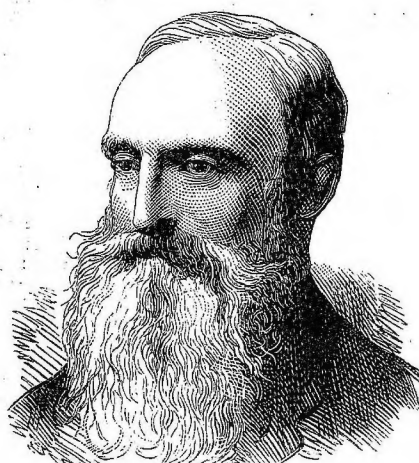
MR. J. F. BROWN



MR. E. W. M. FARROW



COL. BODINE

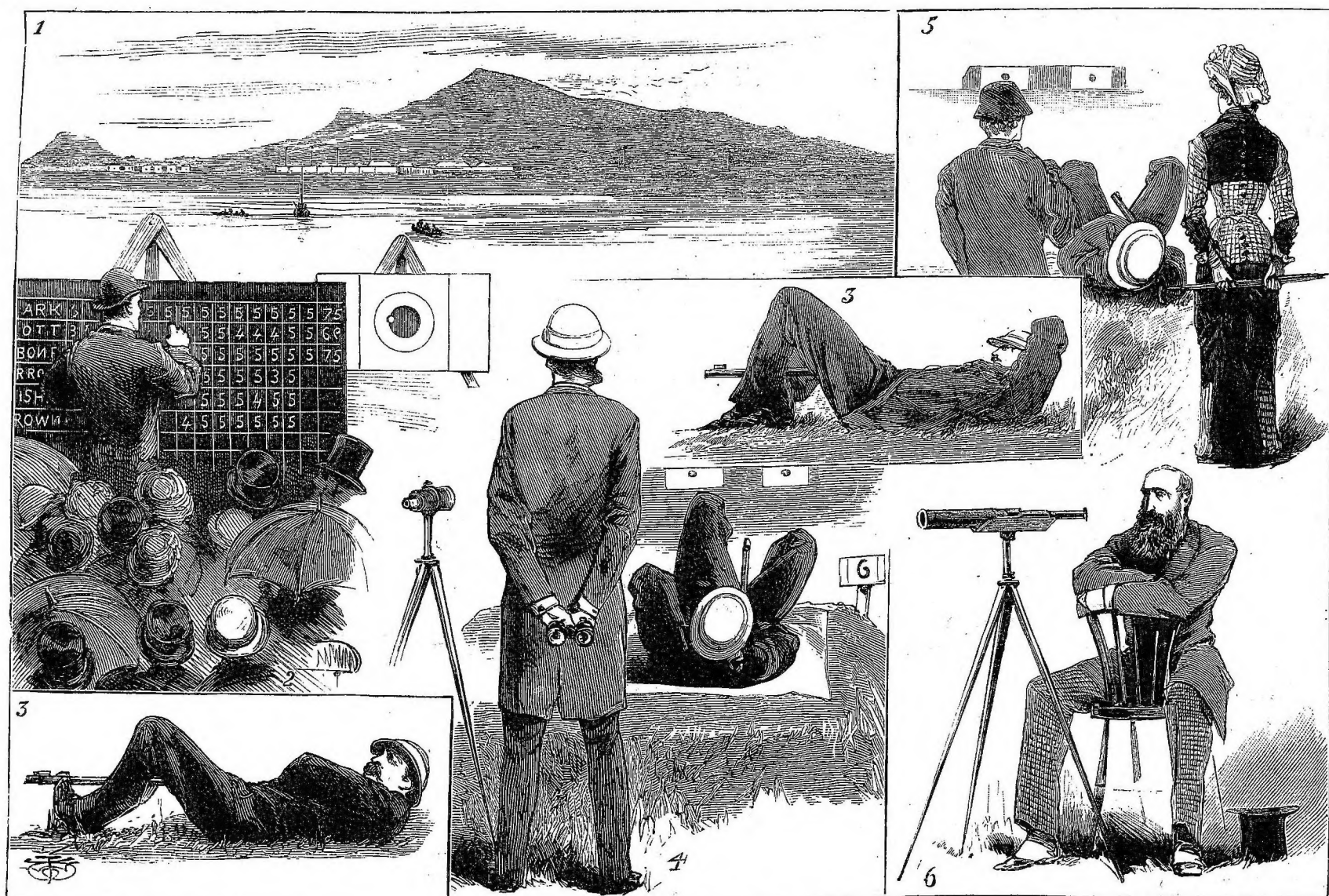


MAJOR LEECH (IRISH TEAM)



DR. L. S. SCOTT

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS



1. The Ranges, Dollymount, from the Bull Bridge.—2. Scoring.—3. A Pair of Positions.—4. Col. Bodine's Advice: "Keep Steady, Boys."—5. A Sketch during the Practice.—6. Major Leech Grows Anxious.

NOTES AT THE RANGES, DOLLYMOUNT

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH IN IRELAND—AMERICANS v. IRISH

twelve hundred refugees—Turks, Arabs, and Khoords—and every day brings more. The distress is caused not only by the failure of last year's crops, but by the tremendous mortality among the cattle and sheep, fully three-fourths of which have perished through the severity of the winter, which has been unequalled for the last forty years. Through the exertions of Lady Strangford, 150*l.* has been collected from private sources and forwarded to Major Trotter, the energetic English Consul in Diarbekir. With this sum he has worked indefatigably to relieve in some measure the extreme hunger of the refugees. Good strong soup is given out twice a week, and biscuits on other days. As the time for distribution draws near, a certain number of the people are told off for bearing the soup, and enter the huge kitchen, where seven seething cauldrons are placed upon a trough of fire; from here they march out, each carrying a bucket of the hot liquid which is to vanquish for the moment the terrible cold benumbing the poor dwellers of the khan.

The condition of these poor people is truly pitiable. Some sit in patient dignity waiting for their turn, others clamour loudly that they have not enough, toddling infants with their tiny wooden bowls are thrust forward to plead for an extra share. With their lips pale and drawn unduly apart, showing the glistening perfect teeth, a few women draw their scanty robes more closely around them, others with the remains of great beauty are not wanting, but the bloom has faded from their cheeks, the eyes are sunken, the skin wrinkled, the figure wasted, the voice harsh and cracked. The eyes of the children are widely distended on the approach of the soup. Some faintly smile even, but it is a painful and unreal mirth. One feels so helpless in such a vast sea of misery. Messrs. Coutts will gladly receive donations on behalf of Major Trotter for the relief of this terrible distress.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Tristram Ellis, who is now travelling in this district for artistic purposes.

LAVATER AT HOME

JOHANN KASPAR LAVATER, the celebrated physiognomist, possessed a marvellous talent for discrimination of character, and for a long time held that much of men's characters might be interpreted from their faces, provided that a system of physiognomy, which he thus elevated to a science, was carefully studied. Such a system he worked for years to organise, and as a result of his labours ultimately published the work for which his name is famous, and which attracted universal attention at the time of its production. In later years, however, Lavater is said to have come to the conclusion that his system, after all, was more speculative than real. Lavater was the son of a physician, and was born at Zurich in 1741, where he subsequently became a minister of religion. He was a most popular man both in Switzerland and Germany, and maintained a most voluminous correspondence with many persons of whom he was the favourite spiritual adviser, while on his tours he was always received with noteworthy marks of popular esteem and respect. He took great interest in political affairs, and when only twenty-one years of age he took a prominent part with Henry Fuseli in accusing the *landvoigt* Grebel of oppression and injustice. When the French Revolution broke out Lavater was one of its most fervent partisans, but, horrified by the execution of the King, he subsequently became as bitterly antagonistic.—Our engraving is from a painting by Signor A. M. Gilli, and represents Lavater in his study, making a drawing of a boy's face, doubtless to forecast his character as a man. Signor Gilli, who has treated the subject in an exceedingly happy manner, is well-known as an exhibitor at the Paris Salon, both for his wood engraving and his etchings.

A VIKING'S SHIP

NEAR the bathing establishment of Sandefjord, Christiania, Norway, there is a tumulus locally known as King's Hill. Under this tradition averred that a mighty king had been buried, with costly treasures near his body. Till lately, either owing to superstition or some similar sentiment, the remains had apparently lain undisturbed. Last January, however, the peasants on whose land the tumulus was situated began to sink a well. On reaching some timber, they prudently summoned the services of an able antiquary, and under his guidance the whole body of an old Viking vessel was revealed, 74 feet long between stem and stern, 16 feet broad amidships, drawing 5 feet, and with twenty ribs. This is far larger and more complete than the ancient vessels discovered in 1863 at Nydam, and in 1867 at Tûne. It is evident that when the burial took place the sea (which is now a mile away) washed the base of the tumulus. The craft is placed with her stem towards the sea, so that when the Great Father should call him, the chieftain might start fully equipped from his tomb. Among the articles found in the vessel were some smaller boats, a quantity of oars, and some shields ranged along the foreboard, and too thin to be used for any but ornamental purposes. On entering the funeral chamber the explorers were disappointed. Some one, either in ancient or modern days, had been there before them, and had carried off all the more cherished treasures. Bones of man, horse, and dog, together with various utensils, drinking cups, &c., were, however, found. The tumulus is supposed to date from about the year 800, when Karl the Great (who has been Frenchified into Charlemagne) was crowned Emperor of Rome, and when Norway was still divided between the wild chieftains and sea-kings.

We are glad to learn that, instead of removing the craft to the Museum at Christiania, it is to be left where it was found, a roof being built over the hill to shelter it from the weather. The smaller objects found will be deposited in the Museum.—We are indebted for the drawings from which our engravings are taken to Mr. Hjalmar Johnsen, of Christiania.

REMOVAL OF THE BUCKLAND YEW

In the churchyard of Buckland, near Dover, there stands a gigantic yew tree. It is probably the oldest in England, being the only one mentioned in Domesday Book. Buckland Church wanted enlarging, but it could not be enlarged without either destroying or removing the old yew. To cut it down would be an act of vandalism; to remove it was pronounced by eminent horticultural authorities to be impossible.

The Vicar, however, resolved to consult Mr. Barron, of Elvaston Nurseries, near Derby, who during forty years past has transplanted trees of great age and size in all parts of the country, and is the inventor of a highly approved transplanting machine. Mr. Barron undertook the job.

To remove the mass of soil necessary for the safety of the tree, and even the mighty trunk, was comparatively an easy task. The chief trouble was with the enormous limbs, which, with their branches, extended 33 feet from the main stem. These were supported on a large timber drag, on four large and long balks of timber. This drag, with its load of heavy limbs and branches, was made to move simultaneously with the upright trunk and mass of soil containing the whole of the roots and a brick vault, which latter, some two hundred years before, had been built close to the trunk of the old yew tree. The trunk was 22 feet round, the spread of the branches was 48 feet across, and the entire mass removed weighed 56 tons. In transferring the tree to its new site, Mr. Barron managed to cant the entire mass on the south side upwards, thus giving the north and south portions of the trunk nearly the same angle. Hence the fine mass of foliage presents a much improved outline. Says the Vicar: "The tree, by universal consent, looks far grander than it has ever done before."

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 51.

THE "EURYDICE" MONUMENT AT SHANKLIN

THIS monument, which has been erected by public subscriptions, to the memory of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, stands in the cemetery at Shanklin, where lie the seven bodies which were recovered from the wreck, including, as is believed, that of Captain Hare, the commander of the ill-fated vessel. It was unveiled on the 23rd ult., in the presence of a large number of spectators, by Lady Isabel Atherley; a special religious service being performed and a brief address given by the Rev. C. I. Bauland, Vicar of Shanklin. Addresses were also delivered by Colonel Atherley and by Lieutenant Langley, who, on behalf of the Naval Service, thanked the people of Shanklin for erecting so worthy a memorial to the gallant men who perished amid such lamentable circumstances. The monument, which was designed by Mr. A. Tyler, Hon. Secretary of the Subscription Committee, and Mr. F. J. Moynihan, the sculptor, of Uxbridge Road, London, is constructed of the finest Portland stone. The small anchor which forms a part of the trophy is a relic from the ship, and was presented by Admiral Foley; and the broken chain was given by Captain Goldsmith.

CORRECTION.—The engraving of Her Majesty receiving the Sacrament after the Coronation, published in the Summer Number of *The Graphic*, is from the painting by the late C. R. Leslie, R.A., and not by Winterhalter, as erroneously stated in the title.



TERRIBLE GAS EXPLOSION.—An accident of an unprecedented and most alarming character occurred on Monday in the neighbourhood of the Tottenham Court Road in some streets where a new gas main, a yard in diameter, had just been laid down. The work is said to have been nearly completed, when, from some unexplained cause (according to one account the application of a light to test the completeness of a joint), an explosion occurred, which killed the two workmen who were engaged on the spot. The fire then appears to have run along inside the pipe, for five other explosions rapidly followed at different places within a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The roadway was torn up and projected high in the air, paving stones falling on and breaking through the roofs of the houses on either side; whilst no fewer than 400 houses were more or less damaged by the force of the explosion—some to such an extent as to make it dangerous to remain in or near them. The damage to property is so great, and extends over such a wide area, that it is a matter of wonder that, besides the two men above mentioned, only about thirty people were injured. The extraordinary nature of the accident, however, created quite a panic for some time, and crowds of people have since been attracted to the scene.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—The long-looked for report on the Tay Bridge disaster has at last been issued, and is certainly not pleasant reading. Mr. H. C. Rothery, the Wreck Commissioner, says that the bridge was badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained, and that its downfall was due to inherent defects in the structure, which must sooner or later have brought it down. Mr. Rothery continues: "For these defects, both in the design, the construction, and the maintenance, Sir Thomas Bouch is, in my opinion, mainly to blame." Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes, and Co. are also blamed for allowing such grave irregularities to go on at the Wormit Foundry; the Railway Company for not observing General Hutchinson's caution as to the speed of the train; and "it remains to inquire whether the Board of Trade are also to blame for having allowed the bridge to be opened for passenger traffic as and when they did." Be that as it may, Mr. Rothery thinks that Sir T. Bouch is not relieved from his responsibility. Mr. Rothery adds that his colleagues agree with him upon the above points, but they considered that their duty was simply to report on the causes and circumstances of the casualty, and not to say to whom the blame attaches. He however thinks differently, and has therefore performed a painful duty without reserve, and he adds that he should hardly have ventured to do so on his own responsibility had he not felt that his opinions are fully supported by the evidence.

M. CHALLEMEI-LACOUR, the new French Ambassador, was on Monday present at a banquet given at the Mansion House to the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In acknowledging the toast of his health he said that he regarded it as doing honour to France and as an expression of sympathy towards her. He considered her interests were in hearty accordance with those of England, and that conciliation and good understanding were the best means of promoting the welfare of both countries.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE CITY.—The City Commissioners of Sewers contemplate adopting the electric light on the three City bridges, London, Southwark, and Blackfriars, and also in Queen Victoria Street, Queen Street, Queen Street Place, King William Street, Mansion House Street, the Poultry, Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Ludgate Circus, the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, and New Bridge Street. Invitations for tenders are to be immediately issued.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S STATUE.—A number of local meetings have been held during the last few days to protest against the erection of the statue of the late Prince Napoleon in Westminster Abbey, and on Thursday next a great meeting for the same purpose is to be held in St. James's Hall, under the auspices of the National Liberal League, who announce that Sir Wilfrid Lawson will preside. Mr. Briggs's motion on the subject will be made in the House of Commons on the following day, the 16th inst.

THE VOLUNTEER DISPUTE AT HULL.—On Monday, at a battalion parade of the Hull Artillery Brigade, Lord Londesborough said that he had been directed by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief to read to the corps the decision of the War Office. He had been permitted to withdraw his resignation as Hon. Colonel of the corps; but the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Humphreys and of Captains Thorpe, Sharpe, and Wellesley would be dispensed with. Lord Londesborough then addressed the men on the necessity of fidelity to the Queen, and of putting aside all private feeling in the matter; but after he left the platform cheers were given for Colonel Humphreys and the three dismissed captains, two of whom were carried out shoulder high, whilst the officer in command tried in vain to suppress the cheering. About 300 of the men, followed by a crowd of people, afterwards went to Colonel Humphreys's residence, where they again cheered loudly for some time. Many of them declare that they will attend no more parades.

THE "ATALANTA" COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY met for the first time in public on Wednesday, at the Sessions House, Westminster; Admiral C. P. Ryder presiding. Among the witnesses examined were Admirals Blake, Turner, and Darvill, and Captains Loney, Key, and Bradshaw, all of whom had served on board the vessel, and considered her to be perfectly sound, stable, and seaworthy. Admiral Blake, indeed, went so far as to say that he did not think there ever was a better ship.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S NEW YACHT, a vessel of very peculiar shape and construction, was launched on Wednesday from Messrs.

Elder's Yard on the Clyde, the ceremony being attended by the Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Lobanoff, Prince Sahahovskny, Admiral Popoff, and Captain Goulaeff, and a large crowd of spectators. Greek priests from London sprinkled the vessel with holy water, while a choir sang some hymns in the Russian language, and she was named the *Livadia* by the Duchess of Hamilton.

THE DUKE'S THEATRE, formerly known as the "Holborn" and the "Mirror," was on Sunday destroyed by fire, nothing being saved beyond the outside walls and some portions of scenery. The fire broke out about five P.M., and in three hours the interior was a mass of ruins. The "Duke's" is the fifteenth London theatre destroyed by fire since the commencement of the present century.

MR. PIERCE EGAN, the well-known novelist, died on Tuesday in his sixty-sixth year. He was the author of an immense quantity of fictional literature, and in early life had also some success as an artist.



THE result of the vote on the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh justifies the anticipation in political circles recorded in this column last week. The vote of the previous week was rescinded by a considerable majority, and on Friday Mr. Bradlaugh took his seat. There was no fuss or what might have been equally undesirable, no ostentatious abstention from attendance. The benches were filled in the ordinary fashion, and in due accordance with a "whip" that was out from the Ministerial side, to prevent unpleasant contingencies arising from the opposition to the issue of a writ for Tewkesbury. Mr. Bradlaugh, with his usual promptitude, presented himself at the table the moment prayers were over, and, having made affirmation, was introduced to the Speaker, as if the right hon. gentleman had not already had full opportunity of forming a pretty close acquaintance with his personal appearance. As far as the difference of ceremony between taking the oath and making affirmation is concerned, no one observing the scene would have suspected that there was any. The oath and the form of affirmation are alike pasted on a piece of cardboard, something like the reading lessons hung round the walls of elementary schools. In both cases the newly-elected Member takes the cardboard in his hand, and listens to the Clerk whilst he recites the terms. To the spectator the only sign of the important difference between the two courses of procedure is that the Member who makes affirmation does not hold a small black book in his hand and touch it with his lips when the Clerk has made an end of reading.

Having shaken hands with the Speaker, Mr. Bradlaugh retired to a seat below the gangway on the Ministerial side, and here during the week he has sat in pretty constant attendance. On Saturday, whilst the House was in Committee on the Irish Relief Bill, he made his maiden speech. It was brief and to the point, and was delivered with an almost distressing deference of manner to the authority of the Chair and the *prestige* of the House.

On Monday, during the debate on the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, Mr. Bradlaugh more than once attempted to catch the Speaker's eye. In this endeavour he, in common with twenty other Members, failed, whereupon the difference in his position by his having quietly taken his seat was notably marked. Hitherto, when Mr. Bradlaugh has desired to catch the Speaker's eye, he has effected his purpose by the simple expedient of standing in the middle of the floor and shouting. The acceptance of the resolution which made it possible for him to take his seat changed all that. A week ago he was a martyr and master of the situation. Now he is simply an hon. Member, and is fain to submit to the preferences of the Speaker, and may address the House only in his turn.

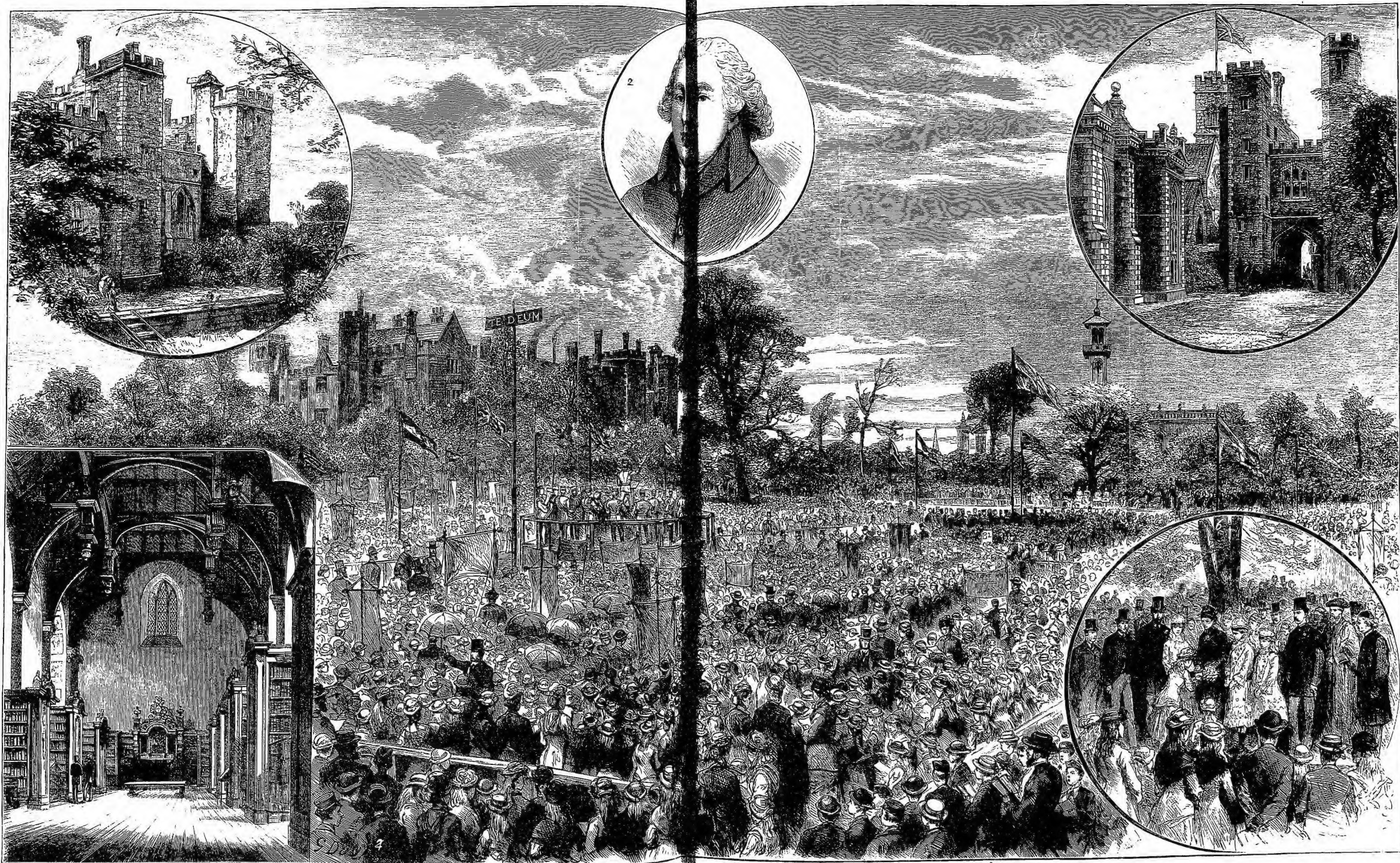
The House has had a hard week, in which there has been much cry and little wool—many speeches and few Bills. The sitting on Saturday was necessitated by the events of last week largely centering round Mr. Bradlaugh, by which the ordinary time of the House was engrossed to the detriment of business. The measure proposed by Mr. Forster might well have been passed through Committee in the course of an hour. It has for some time been before the House, and as it is a scheme of the late Government, amended and in some respects extended by the present one, it secures the support both of Liberals and Conservatives. As far as the Irish Members are concerned, it might even have been supposed that they would do their best to further its progress. They had been clamouring for relief, and the Government proffered it to them. There is no question of the inadequacy of the grant proposed. The principal objection raised by the Irish Members is to the source whence it is derived. The money is taken from the funds of the Disestablished Church, and is in that sense Irish money. To offer to relieve the distress of a section of the Irish population out of Irish money is to add deadly insult to hereditary injury. The feelings which find expression on the part of the Irish Members are something akin to those of the occasional pauper from time to time detected in receipt of relief from the parish, whilst all the time he has money in the Funds, or a store of gold under his bed. The attempt having never been made, it is permissible to believe that words cannot express the angry contempt the pauper feels for the mean-souled parish authorities who insist upon relieving his distress out of his own pocket. Irish Members, more practised in fluency, are not thus reticent, and all through Saturday, from noon till midnight, the cry was raised at recurrent intervals for help from anywhere save out of their own pockets.

On Monday Ireland once more occupied the attention of the House, and as usual to the disadvantage and discredit of the Government. The purpose of the one-clause Bill which Mr. Forster has charged himself with is to subject for a term of eighteen months to the decision of the County Court Judges the right of Irish landlords to evict for non-payment of rent, and at the same time to withhold compensation for disturbance. This is an attack on the Government principle of rent-collecting, which has banded against the Bill all the landowners, not only in Ireland but throughout Great Britain.

Noble lords, forsaking the business of the nation in their own House, have flocked to the Commons whenever Mr. Forster's Bill has been on, and have thronged the gallery allotted to their convenience. On the floor of the House landlords on both sides—Liberals casting behind them considerations of party fealty—have united in opposition to the Bill. It was in vain that Mr. Gladstone pointed out that the Bill when passed will not place the landlords of Ireland in a position one whit more disadvantageous than that uncomplainingly borne by their brethren in England and Scotland. Landlords, trembling for their rent, would not be comforted. When the division was called, it was found that 295 had voted for the Second Reading, and 217 against it. This, leaving a majority of 78 for the Bill, is on the face of it enough to satisfy the ambition of any Minister. But the division is not one upon which the Government can reflect with satisfaction.

An analysis of the division list shows that whilst 22 Liberals of Whig complexion had voted with the Opposition, something like 50 had abstained altogether from voting. The majority was swelled by the votes of 50 Home Rulers, which, being deducted, would have left the Government in a majority of 28. That is not the sort of thing to be expected from contemplation of the enormous majority with which, six weeks ago, the Government entered upon office.

A CURIOUS STORY OF A CANINE MOURNER is told by a correspondent of the *Live Stock Journal*, who writes from Market Drayton, that amongst the chief mourners at a recent funeral of an old lady of that town was her retriever dog, a fine animal and a great favourite, who of his own accord walked steadily and quietly immediately before the hearse. Nor was he to be diverted from his purpose, and even when attacked by a large drover's dog, though generally quite willing for a fray, he took no notice of the insult, but kept in his place in the procession. Eighteen months since, he in like manner followed his old master to the grave, taking his place at the head of it amongst the mourners while the last sad rites were performed, and seeming to take the deepest interest in what was going on. Then he was quite quiet, but last week, when in the cemetery chapel, he filled the place with his howlings, and appeared as if demented, many thinking he had gone mad. The ceremony over, he followed as before the mourning coach on its return journey, and at the heels of his new master went through the door of his old home.



1. LOLLARDS' TOWER AND LAUDS' TOWER.—2. PORTRAIT OF ROBERT RAIKES, THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—3. MORTON'S TOWER.—4. THE CHILDREN SINGING THE "TE DEUM."—5. THE LIBRARY.—6. PRESENTATION OF BIBLES AND PRAYER-BOOKS, RAISED BY PENNY SUBSCRIPTIONS, TO THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY—REVIEW OF 20,000 CHILDREN BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE GROUNDS OF LAMBETH PALACE



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The decision of the Berlin Conference has been received with great astonishment and indignation by the official circles of the Porte. The Porte, accustomed to the gentle dallying of its own diplomatists, has been somewhat taken aback by the rapidity with which the little assembly of Ambassadors at Berlin have settled what was universally regarded as a difficult and intricate question. Moreover, the suddenness with which the Turks are peremptorily requested to part with two of their richest provinces to their former subjects has added to their general bewilderment, and they at present can only gasp out vague refusals of compliance and covert threats of "leaving their mark" if they are to be driven out of Europe. The Collective Note of the Powers intimating the decision of the Conference has not yet been presented, so that there has been no actual official comment, but common report says that the Turks are determined on resistance to the utmost, and that military preparations are being made. Numerous Cabinet Councils have been held, but confusion is said to reign as much in the Ministry as outside, some members advising compliance with the wishes of the Powers, while others, and these form the majority, recommend refusal. These latter belong to the fanatical party, to whom the Sultan is turning once again in his perplexity, so that the prospect of a satisfactory settlement of the question appears as distant as ever. It is certain, however, that this time the Powers are unanimously in earnest, and have a common interest in compelling the Porte to comply with their demands. What steps they will take to this end do not appear to have been decided upon, but the rumour that a joint naval demonstration will be made gains ground. The Note, it is expected, will be presented to the Sultan on the 16th, by Count Hatfeldt, the senior diplomatist at Constantinople, where, by the way, there is considerable uneasiness amongst the Christian population.—Our Ambassador continues to have audience with the Sultan.—A female slave fled to the British Embassy and claimed protection some days since. Mr. Goschen accordingly took charge of her, and, it is said, will send her to Cyprus.

The other burning questions are in no fairer way of settlement. The Porte declines to consider the Ambassadors' proposal to exchange the territory ceded to Montenegro for the district between the Adriatic and Lake Scutari, including Dulcigno, alleging that the Albanian population would raise difficulties. The fact is that the Porte is playing off the Albanians against the Powers in this matter, and is more than suspected of encouraging the malcontents in their resistance by secret instructions and supplies of arms. A Note has also been communicated to the Powers respecting the reforms in Asia Minor, and it is proposed to extend the vilayet system throughout the Asiatic provinces. Baker Pasha and his mission reached Erzeroum on the 28th ult., and will shortly conclude their labours, and draw up their report on the condition of the Asiatic provinces.

Both BULGARIA and EASTERN ROUMELIA continue to be in a most unsettled condition, and Prince Alexander was not too pleased to find on his return from Russia that the Bulgarian Assembly had voted a loan to Eastern Roumelia, ostensibly for establishing an agricultural school, but really to assist the secret societies for promoting the Pan-Bulgarian movement. In Eastern Roumelia Aleko Pasha is now virtually powerless, and is unable to prevent the meetings of the Gymnastic Societies which, though professedly dissolved, continue to maintain their organisation. Aleko Pasha is said to have asked the Porte for leave of absence, or permission to resign, as he feels his position untenable. Both requests, however, were refused, as the Porte would find great difficulty in obtaining another ruler for that province who would meet the approval of the Powers.

In GREECE the decision of the Berlin Conference has been hailed with great satisfaction, and in order to occupy its new territory, the Government has ordered the mobilisation of 45,000 troops.

FRANCE.—The Amnesty Bill narrowly escaped rejection by the Senate on Saturday, and the Government, in order to escape absolute defeat, was compelled to accept an amendment by M. Bozérian, which excepted from the Amnesty all persons condemned for incendiarism or assassination. Even this was only carried by 143 votes to 138; a proposition by M. Labiche to give the Cabinet a right to amnesty whom it pleased, and thus avoid the declaration of a general amnesty, being rejected by 145 to 133 votes. This virtual defeat of the Cabinet caused considerable consternation in the Republican ranks, as it was felt very doubtful whether the Chamber of Deputies would accept the amendment; and next day M. Gambetta was absent from his post in the Chamber, being manifestly engaged in effecting a compromise. That he encountered no little difficulty in his task was evident from the fact that the amended Bill was not really brought before the House for debate until Wednesday. On that day the Committee on the Bill reported to the House that they would not recommend the acceptance of the Bozérian amendment, but the adoption of a modified version of the Labiche proposition; namely, a clause simply providing that those criminals who may be pardoned before July 14 shall be amnestied—i.e., shall have their civil rights fully restored to them. After a brief debate, of which the only noticeable feature was a wrangle between MM. Gambetta and Paul de Cassagnac, the amended Bill was passed by 371 votes to 150. It will now be again referred to the Senate, and it is expected that it will be accepted by that body, as the small majority that threw out the original Labiche amendment will in all probability be satisfied with the compliment paid to their scruples by its modification.

Considerable anxiety has been felt throughout the Ministerial circles, though it was well known that the Cabinet had determined to grant individual pardons to the Communists, if the Amnesty were refused by the Senate. Their defeat in a measure was owing to the more Conservative members, many of whom object to the Amnesty, and amongst these such good and true Republicans as MM. Waddington and Jules Simon. The latter made a long speech on Saturday against the measure, recalling the burning of the buildings in Paris during the Commune, and asking if the assassins of General Lecomte were to be allowed to sit beside his old comrades. He was preceded by M. Victor Hugo, who indulged in one of his oratorical flights, and eulogised the taking of the Bastille, the anniversary of which would be doubly commemorated by the national fête and the declaration of the Amnesty on July 14th. He declared that "the fall of that fortress was deliverance—enlightenment, the whole earth drawn from night, the blossoming of man, the destruction of the edifice of evil, the construction of the edifice of good. That day, after centuries of torture, vast and venerable Humanity rose with its chains beneath its feet and laurels on its head."—There is little other Parliamentary news of outside interest, save that the sum of 20,000*l.* for the festivities of July 14th has been duly voted.

The decrees against the Jesuits have been universally enforced, and but few disturbances have been recorded, the most serious being at Havre, where a colonel who shook hands with some Jesuit fathers was mobbed, and had to be rescued by a detachment of military with fixed bayonets. A large number of public prosecutors and magistrates have resigned rather than enforce the decrees, and the Jesuits themselves are taking active legal steps to secure their reinstatement, heavy damages being in each case claimed from the

Government. At Lille, in granting the application for a trial, the presiding judge summed up in favour of the Jesuits, alleging that the Government had no right to execute measures of such importance without first obtaining the assent of the Courts to their legality. In Paris the Court heard an application against the Prefect of Police on Wednesday, and was to give judgment on Friday, but in many places in the provinces the Courts, in obedience to the authorities, have declared that they possess no jurisdiction in the matter. At Arras the Prefect and the President of the Court are at variance, the latter ordering the reinstatement of the Jesuits in their convent, and the former prohibiting their return. At Limoges, however, the evicted brethren were permitted to return to their establishment by the Prefect. According to the *Daily News* the Jesuit actions will be referred to the "Court of Conflicts," a curious tribunal, which it appears has the power to withdraw any suit from the common law Courts by calling it "administrative," and not "judicial." Four of the persons arrested for shouting "*à bas la République*" in the Rue de Sévres last Wednesday have been summoned, and sentenced to fines varying from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 6*l.*

There is little from Paris, which is busily preparing for the national fête. Amongst other things, there is to be a revival of the *Prise de la Bastille* at the Théâtre des Nations. The only theatrical novelty of the week has been a three-act comedy at the Vaudeville, by M. Ernest Vois, entitled *Pitillard and Morigaud*.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck's Bill for amending the Falk Laws has been at last passed, though in a terribly mutilated condition, five of its most important enactments being struck out, including those dispensing with educational tests for the clergy, and conferring on the King the right to reinstate deposed Bishops. Still, as it is, the Government will be enabled to make things more comfortable for the Clericals, and possibly in this way may ultimately succeed in establishing a *modus vivendi* between Prussia and the Vatican. By its provisions a priest can no longer be unfrocked by an Ecclesiastical Court; the Cabinet may permit the dioceses whose Bishops have been expelled to be administered by the Church authorities who have not taken the oath of allegiance, and are not necessarily born Germans; while one very important article enacts that a priest, although he has been appointed to a particular parish, can be no longer punished as formerly for performing Divine service in another parish which is priestless.

Protection appears to be seriously injuring Prussian trade, to judge by the corn returns of Königsberg, where the imports have only amounted to 40,000 tons, against 177,000 during the first six months of last year, and 300,000 during the previous year. The export returns are also unfavourable, having dropped two-thirds. Considerable alarm has been aroused at the probable failure of the harvest of corn in the northern districts, which this year will only yield about 50 per cent. of an ordinary harvest. A deficit is also expected in the harvests in Russia, Hungary, and Galicia.

RUSSIA.—The threatened war with China is the great topic of the day, and though the Government declares the report of the victories over the Russian troops to be mere bazaar gossip, active preparations are being made for hostilities. General Kauffmann has already appointed his staff, and several additional cruisers are being despatched to the Pacific. Negotiations are also said to have been going on with Japan for an alliance against her old enemy. General Skobelev does not appear to be prospering in his campaign against the Tekke-Turcomans, and reinforcements have been despatched to Petrovsk. Nur Kerdi Khan, the Turcoman leader, is said to be a man of great energy, and is organising a formidable resistance to the Russians.

SWITZERLAND.—There has been a plebiscite on the question of the separation of Church and State. The result in the canton of Geneva was an enormous majority against any such proposition, only 4,000 out of 13,000 votes balloted being in favour of separation. "This," the correspondent of *The Times* writes, "is partly due to the attachment of the people of Geneva to their national Protestant Church, so closely identified with the ancient glories of the Republic, and partly to a feeling that the suppression of the *Budget des Cultes* would be regarded as a Roman Catholic victory."

ITALY.—The conflict between the Belgian Government and the Vatican is attracting much comment, and it is stated that the rupture may possibly lead to the resignation of Cardinal Nina, whose views, it is well known, are at variance with those of the Pope. Indeed, it is stated that the letter written by the Pope to the Archbishop of Malines was not approved by the Cardinal, who foresaw what has since happened. In the meantime the Vatican will despatch to Belgium an Ecclesiastical *Chargé d'Affaires* in an unofficial capacity, while the Belgian Catholics are raising funds to send an Envoy of their own to the Vatican.

Parliament has been wholly occupied by discussing financial questions, and the Government is still exerting its utmost to secure the abolition of the grist tax.—General Garibaldi has found a new grievance. In a letter to the *Capitale*, after protesting against the attitude of Austria in regard to Trentino, he complains of the aspirations of France in Tunis. "France," he says, "has rendered great services in the cause of civilisation in Algeria, but Italy cannot permit her to dominate in Tunis. It is of the greatest interest to us that the Regency should maintain its independence."

AFGHANISTAN.—Abdurrahman Khan is now at Deshak, on the northern slopes of the Hindu Koosh. A second letter has been written to him, repeating the terms on which the British Government can consent to his nomination as Ruler of Cabul, and which he pretended to misunderstand as an offer of the sovereignty of the whole of Afghanistan. He is said, however, to be anxious to come to terms, as his party is not sufficiently strong to enable him to dispense with our assistance.

There has been some sharp fighting in the Logar Valley, where a formidable Zumat tribal gathering was attacked and dispersed by a cavalry brigade under General Palliser on the 1st inst. Two hundred of the enemy were killed, our loss being four men killed and Capt. Seymour Barrow and twenty-four men wounded. The gathering at Maidan is still considerable, but General Stewart is prepared to break it up when necessary. Ayoub Khan has left Herat, and is advancing with his troops towards Candahar.

UNITED STATES.—Both Republicans and Democrats, having chosen their candidates, are now beginning the canvassing campaign. Mr. Garfield has been speaking at Seville, Ohio, where, at the dedication of a soldier's monument, he eulogised the services of the soldiers during the war, and expressed a hope that the time was not far distant when "peace, harmony, and liberty in the North and South would be fully restored under the Union flag."

The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated with all due rejoicing. There were the usual crop of accidents, thirty persons being killed, of whom nineteen were drowned while on various excursions. Large numbers also were injured by pistol shooting, fireworks, &c. The festivities were somewhat marred by heavy rains which supervened upon the intense heat of last week. On Thursday week there were 79 deaths from sunstroke in New York, making 158 in four days.

The difficulty with Spain will be amicably settled, as that country disclaims any countenance of the outrages on the American flag in Cuban waters, and promises reparation if any particular ship can be named. Possibly, however, the Spanish flag may have been used by pirates.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN all the foreign Plenipotentiaries have signed the convention with Morocco relative to the protection of foreigners in that country.—In CANADA it is stated that the Dominion Government has nearly completed negotiations with an

English Syndicate for the formation of a company, with a capital of 20,000,000*l.*, to construct the whole of the Pacific Railway. The Company would receive a land subsidy of 50,000,000 acres.—In SOUTH AMERICA the civil war in the Argentine State has ceased, both the National and Provincial forces are dispersing, and supplies of provisions have been admitted into Buenos Ayres.—In AUSTRALIA the Queensland Parliament has been opened by the Governor, who gave a very satisfactory account of the affairs of the colony. The revenue showed an increase of 20,000*l.*



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor for Osborne about Friday. On Saturday the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at the Castle on a visit. In the afternoon Her Majesty received Lord Kensington, who presented an address from the House of Commons. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel. The Rev. Henry Scott Holland, Senior Student and Tutor, Christ College, Oxford, preached the sermon. In the afternoon Princess Christian lunched with Her Majesty. On Monday Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir went to Windsor and sang before the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Beatrice, in St. George's Hall. The choir afterwards lunched in the Waterloo Gallery, and were shown through the State and several of the Private Apartments. Subsequently by Her Majesty's wish the choir was photographed in one group. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales left the Castle. On Tuesday the Queen held a private investiture of the Order of the Bath, and invested Admiral Sir George Sartorius, Admiral Sir Thomas Matthew Charles Symonds, and Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Drummond, with the Riband and Badge of the Military Division of the First Class, and Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley received knighthood. Admiral George Greville Wellesley and Major-General Frederick Alex. Campbell also received knighthood, and were invested with the insignia of the Military Division of the Second Class of the Order. In the afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice came up to London, and visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace, returning to Windsor about seven o'clock.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales received the Siamese Ambassador and his suite at Marlborough House, and was invested with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam. On Monday the Prince and Princess were visited by the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who had been met at the station by the Prince the previous evening. Subsequently the Prince and Princess went to see the King of the Hellenes off at Charing Cross Station. The King is going to rejoin the Queen at Copenhagen. On Tuesday the Prince went down to Newmarket, and the Princess and her children returned to Sandringham. The Prince and Princess will give an afternoon party at Marlborough House next Tuesday. The Prince of Wales will lay the foundation stone of the new building for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, in the Fulham Road, on the 16th inst.

The Duke of Edinburgh inspected about 900 of the coastguardsmen belonging to the ships now in Portland Harbour on Saturday, and on Tuesday the Reserve Squadron under his command arrived in Torbay.

On Saturday the Duke of Connaught distributed the prizes at King's College, and afterwards opened the New Schools of Art in connection with the College and South Kensington School. In the evening the Duke and Duchess went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday evening the Duke and Duchess went to the Haymarket Theatre.—The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia arrived in London on Monday evening, and left on the next evening for Glasgow, where on Wednesday he was present at the launch of the Czar's new steam yacht *Livadia*.—Princess Frederica of Hanover will distribute the prizes to Her Majesty's Savoy Choir and Day Schools at Burlington House this (Saturday) afternoon.—The ex-Empress Eugénie arrived at Table Bay, in the *Trojan*, on Sunday. She landed, and attended High Mass at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. On Monday the *Trojan* left for England via St. Helena, Ascension, and Madeira. At St. Helena the ex-Empress will visit the tomb of Napoleon I.



THE QUEEN AND CONVOCATION.—On Friday, last week, Her Majesty gave audience to a deputation from the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, headed by the Primate, who presented an address upon the general condition of the Church. The Queen, in reply, assured them that it would ever be her anxious desire to promote all measures tending to maintain and extend the spirit of true religion among all classes; and that their representation respecting the suggested addition to the number of Proctors in the Lower House should receive her full consideration.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.—The reception of the Church of England Sunday School Children at Lambeth Palace on Saturday, we have described in "Our Illustration" columns. On the same day the statue of Robert Raikes, erected in the Gardens of the Thames Embankment, was unveiled by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the presence of a large assembly, including delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from other countries who had taken part in the various meetings and services during the week. The memorial, which consists of a granite pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue nine feet in height, is the work of Mr. Brock. In the evening the centenary celebrations were brought to a close by a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, a choir of 1,600 voices having been selected from the London Sunday School Choir, an association numbering 12,000 members.—The Centenary celebrations have been continued this week at a number of places in different parts of the country. On Tuesday there was a great meeting at Birmingham, at which several members of the local School Board spoke, amongst them the Chairman, Mr. George Dixon, who said that "the complement of the work of the School Board was the work of the Sunday School."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.—The *Church Times* seems to have but a poor opinion of the value of Sunday Schools. It calls on the clergy to consider whether they are not on the wrong tack altogether—"whether they do not teach the wrong subjects in a wrong way, whether the whole Sunday School policy and machinery be not entirely hurtful and erroneous, with its hard Sunday work, exhausting strain, secular character in its classes, registers, set tasks, &c., its spirit of rivalry in the prize system, and, above all, its demoralizing bribery in the matter of treats. To us, the whole of this appears essentially irreligious, and not in any degree compensated by a knowledge of the value of the Jewish shekel or of the names of the affluents of the Jordan. We believe

the Church Catechism to be one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in our way, so clumsily drafted that five out of seven cannot understand it, and the two who can must have it explained and amplified and corrected, till the actual lesson is no more like the original task than corrected, Hinton lace is like a reel of linen thread."—The Rev. A. Legge, Vicar of Lewisham, in a letter to the *Guardian*, reviews the statistics furnished to that journal last week by the Rev. C. Horsley, Chaplain of Clerkenwell Gaol, and quoted in our last issue, in a manner which affords a curious example of the different light in which the same facts appear when regarded from different standpoints. Mr. Legge notes that the Sunday School system has reached the lowest stratum of the population—the criminal classes; that out of 48 children of this class only one did not know the difference between church and chapel, and 42 had learned that regularity of attendance was commendable, whilst only two out of the same number (aged from nine and a-half to sixteen) thought themselves too old to attend, and only two "didn't like" Sunday School. Twenty-nine could say the Lord's Prayer "perfectly," and Mr. Legge thinks it a remarkable coincidence that this was the exact number who had attended Church schools; 31 knew the number of the Commandments, though few could repeat them, while none were ignorant of the name of Christ, though there was much ignorance of His work. "If," continues Mr. Legge, "fifty of the lowest class of Sunday School children can show such results as these, what may we not hope of the millions of children who attend our Sunday Schools, but never come within the ken of our prison chaplain?"

MR. MACKONCHIE.—Although Mr. Martin, the "aggrieved parishioner," has retired from the suit, the proceedings against Mr. Mackonchie are, it seems, still to be kept before the public. Last Sunday the Bishop of London's warrant for the sequestration of "all fruits, tithes, and other profits and emoluments of the living," was affixed to the church door of St. Alban's, Holborn; but was almost immediately torn down by a youthful and zealous member of the congregation, and the official who served the document was subsequently turned out of the building. Mr. Mackonchie assisted in the service, and preached a sermon; but made no allusion to the incident which had just taken place.

DISTURBING A CONGREGATION.—The other day a person named Blackhall was summoned at Worship Street Police Court for having been guilty of "riotous, violent, and indecent behaviour" in the district church of St. Michael, Mark Street, Finsbury. It was shown that on the 20th ult. he presented himself to receive the Sacrament; but, on being given the consecrated wafer, he threw part of it on the floor and kept the other part, exclaiming aloud, "This is not bread, but a blasphemous mass." Mr. Bushby declined to enter into the question whether the "wafer" was the true form of bread, which was a matter for the Bishop or the Ecclesiastical Courts to decide. He thought, however, that the defendant's conduct was calculated to wound the feelings and disturb the devotions of the congregation, and he therefore imposed a fine of 5s. The complainant then offered to forego the penalty if the part of the wafer retained were given up; but this the defendant emphatically declined to do, and the judgment accordingly stood, the fine being recoverable by distress.

THE REV. DR. STEWART, minister of the parish of Glasserton, Wigtownshire, died suddenly in St. Cuthbert's Established Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday last. He had preached a sermon in St. Giles's Cathedral in the morning, and was present as a worshipper in St. Cuthbert's in the afternoon, when he suddenly died in his pew. Dr. Stewart, who was in his seventy-fourth year, occupied a prominent position in the Church.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The second of Mr. Gye's promised novelties came out on Saturday night, and, thanks in a great measure to the general excellence of the performance, was received with favour. *Les Bluets* of M. Jules Cohen, the well-known French pianist, and professor of accompaniment at the Paris Conservatoire, was first represented at the late Théâtre Lyrique, in the autumn of 1867, with Christine Nilsson, then almost at the outset of her brilliant career, as the heroine. Though in four acts (ominous subdivision!) *Les Bluets* had no pretension to be more than a "light opera;" nor, indeed, in its present shape, with accompanied recitative, and other modifications, comprising some additional numbers, can it, or does it, assume to be anything else. In its new and extended form it fits the Italian stage just as well as many other French lyric dramas that have been used to similar purpose. Full of agreeable, if not always quite original, melody, accompanied by no insignificant skill in the design and treatment of *moreaux d'ensemble*, and, last not least, by a certain sense of dramatic propriety, it can hardly fail to please amateurs who care not greatly to have their attention always kept upon the stretch, or their ears tormented by inexplicable chords and noises which, according to the estimate of reasonable judges, fall more or less within the category of the "sham profound." Take *Estella* for what it affects to be, and there is really little to complain of; on the contrary, there is much to rejoice in. About the Tibretto, supplied to the composer by MM. Cormon and Trianon, the less said the better. It is by no means either dramatic or interesting. Don Juan, Prince of Castille, has married a girl beneath his station, whom, on his accession to the throne, he is compelled to repudiate for a spouse of royal descent. By both wives he has sons—the one, Don Fabio, issue of the early marriage, a valiant warrior, the other, his lawful heir, an effeminate and dissolute prince, who dies (conveniently) sooner than expected. Whereupon Don Juan II. plans a marriage between Don Fabio and a cousin of his own. To this Don Fabio, enamoured and pledged to Estella, sister of a rich farmer, objecting, repairs to the house where, unconscious of his rank, he has solicited and won the affections of that maiden. The King, however, follows them, in due course, and revealing to Don Fabio the secret of his birth, persuades the easily convinced young gentleman to accompany him to the Cathedral of Penafiel. There, with due ceremonial, the King abdicates in favour of his son, who thus proclaimed monarch of Castille and León, forgetting Estella, with whom, in happier times, he used to gather *bluets* in the cornfields, abandons himself with undisturbed composure to his new and exalted position. The maiden, loyal and resigned, submitting to the decree of fate, retires to a nunnery and takes the veil. The only character in the *dramatis personæ* for whom sympathy can possibly be felt is Estella, the others being little better than lay figures. Happily at Covent Garden the representative of this submissive heroine is Adelina Patti, who both acts and sings the part in such perfection as to afford criticism no standing ground. The general observations already offered with regard to the music of M. Jules Cohen must suffice. Enough, with respect to Madame Patti's share in the opera, that among several pieces calculated to produce effect, the waltz, "Ah! spero ancor" (familiar under the French title, "Ah! quel espoir") creates a marked sensation, not a little enhanced by the *obligato* flute accompaniment of Messrs. Radcliff and Young, which seems to dwell upon the vocal utterances of the gifted songstress as though an essential part of them. The other leading characters are sustained by Signor Nicolini (an excellent Fabio), Signor Cotogni (Mengo, Estella's brother), M. Vidal (Don Juan),

and Mdlle. Mantilla (Dorothea, the King's cousin). The general execution of the music, choral and orchestral, under the able direction of Signor Beignani, who has more consideration for the voices and requirements of singers than is usually observed at this establishment, leaves little to desire. On the whole *Estella* is a by no means unwelcome addition to the Covent Garden repertoire, and if drawn upon at intervals, "few and far between," is with Madame Patti as the heroine pretty sure to find admirers. On Monday night a new contralto, Mdlle. Malvezzi, made her debut here, as Maddalena, in *Rigoletto*, achieving what may be called a *succès d'estime*. This lady's voice is pure of its kind, and her method of using it thoroughly legitimate. Moreover, she acts with a certain natural ease and unrestraint, as though accustomed to the lamps. The other leading characters in Verdi's popular work were filled, as previously, by Madame Albani, Signors Gayarré, Silvestri, and Graziani. Madame Albani has not been in better voice throughout the season, and has rarely sung with more impassioned expression. Signor Graziani was the Rigoletto all know and none can forget. For next week, the last of the season, six performances are announced—one on each successive evening.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The long-expected *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito—poet and composer in one (like Richard Wagner, with whom he has much in common)—was produced on Tuesday night, under the direction of Signor Arditi. The house was crowded, and it may be stated, without preamble, that the result was a brilliant and complete success. This success may be looked upon as extraordinary when it is remembered how long and firm a hold the *Faust* (or rather *Faust and Margaret*) of Gounod has obtained on the public sympathy of this and other countries. The fact, however, that the Italian composer and librettist differs in almost every essential particular from the French composer and librettist, to a great extent diminishes the surprise. Instead of confining himself to the episode of Gretchen, Boito has endeavoured to exemplify in his work the whole life of Faust, as set forth in Goethe's comprehensive design. We have not only the death of Margaret, as in the first, but the death of Faust, as in the second, part of the representative epic of modern German thought; and both being saved, the poet's symbol is interpreted with all its deep significance. Thus much for the book, in planning which Signor Boito has shown the finest discrimination. Fragmentary as it may appear to desultory thinkers, it contains the germ of the whole idea. At the same time, that it is suited to ordinary operatic treatment can hardly be admitted, no matter how adroitly the poet-composer, after his light, has used it for the contemplated end, which must have revealed itself more suggestively to him than it could possibly have done to the musician previously unacquainted with the characters, incidents, and general development of the poem. Respecting the music itself, another hearing will enable us to speak independently, with the consciousness of an opinion built upon sure foundations. Such a work as *Mefistofele* cannot be dismissed once for all in a few brief and hasty sentences; on the contrary, it requires, and is worthy of, serious consideration.

At present a very few words about one of the most admirable performances given of late years at Her Majesty's Theatre must suffice. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was in most respects all that could be desired, even by Signor Boito himself—who can hardly have witnessed so consummately natural, and at the same time, artistic embodiment, in one and the same person, of the Gretchen and Helen of his own conception, as that of Madame Christine Nilsson. Without entering into details, for which space is wanting, we may briefly say that the now universally accepted "Swedish Nightingale," by this, her latest, assumption, has added fresh laurels to a brow already overcharged. Her Margaret was the Margaret of Goethe and Boito (not the Ary-Schefferised Margaret of Gounod and his two librettists); her Helen was the very type of antique grace and beauty; so that we had before us, first the "romantic," then the "Grecian" ideal, which at the end seemed fused and moulded into one. Signor Campanini was the Faust we all know so well—in one part as in the other the same marked individuality. Madame Trebelli was the Martha of the first, and the "Pantalis" of the second part—in both, it is needless to add excellent; and Signor Grassi "doubled" the characters of Wagner and Nereus. The Mephistopheles of Signor Nannetti (who, with Signor Campanini, first appeared in the opera of Signor Boito at Bologna) is in every respect a notable performance—open, however to criticism as it is to praise. With such a combination it is not surprising that all the vocal music should fare well. The orchestra was throughout what might have been expected from such a body of executants, in a work so new and strange as to excite all their interest and rivet all their attention. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*. The orchestra, as Sir John Falstaff would say, is "a great matter;" and undoubtedly it had much to do with the success of *Mefistofele*. The audience throughout was fairly enthusiastic.—Madlle. Etelka Gerster has returned, and already appeared in her well-known characters of Lucia, Amina, and Linda.



THE TURF.—Something like a scare was created in Turf circles a few days ago in consequence of an announcement being made that a stud groom, lately in the employment of the Duke of Westminster, was in a position to prove that the winner of the late Derby was not Bend Or, but his half-brother Tadcaster. Both colts were sons of Doncaster, but the former was from Rogue Rose, and the latter from Clémence. They were sent in due course from Eaton Hall, Cheshire, where they were bred, first to Newmarket, and afterwards to Russley, and it is said somehow or other they got mixed, and that Bend Or was delivered to Robert Peck as Tadcaster, and Tadcaster as Bend Or. That such a mistake might be made is easily conceivable, especially in the case of two young colts by no means dissimilar in appearance. That the owners and supporters of Robert the Devil, the second in the Derby, thought that there might be some truth in the statement, was shown by the fact of the retrogression of Bend Or in the Leger quotations, but we all know how often the wish is father to the thought, and the fact that the Derby winner was reinstated in his position for the Doncaster race early in the week at Newmarket pretty clearly proves that this, for once in a way, was a case of smoke without fire.—The July week at Newmarket has been productive, as usual, of good sport, and few meetings during the season are as enjoyable as the quiet gathering "behind the Ditch." Attalus showed something of his old form by beating Favo and four others in the Trial Plate; and Valentino's victory in a large field for the Visitors Plate showed that his Derby running was not his true form. The July Stakes for Two-Year-Olds, which has been won in years past by some of the best animals of their day, was not on this occasion contested by any youngsters who have made themselves conspicuous this season. The talent, however, made a hot favourite in Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal—a term used in Cornwall for women who are employed at "picking" in the tin mines. In a field of eleven 5 to 4 was laid on her, and she won on the post by a head, the American colt Iroquois being second, a place which he also held in the betting. The July Cup was won by Charibert,

who seems to have quite regained the form he displayed in the Two Thousand last year. Of course no Newmarket meeting is without its surprise, and this was furnished by the defeat of Robert the Devil by Cipolata in the Midsummer Stakes. It must be remembered, however, that he carried 9st. 4lb. as against Cipolata's 8st. 7lb., and that the latter had recently done a pretty good thing; so probably Robert's status in the Leger market will not be much affected.—At Carlisle Victor Emmanuel's success in the Cumberland Plate shows that the strong support accorded to him for the Northumberland Plate was fairly justified.—For the Liverpool Cup Scapegrace and Valour are the most fancied; while for the Goodwood Stakes, on the strength of his Northumberland Plate victory, Mycenæ still holds the place of first favourite.

CRICKET.—Two fairly interesting matches have been played between the Gentlemen and Players, the first at the Oval took place on the three last days of last week, and resulted in the victory of the players by 37 runs. Heavy rain at intervals sadly interfered with the game, the chief batting features of which were, Barnes's 63, and Mr. Hornby's 71. The bowling of Mr. Morton of the Cambridge eleven was very effective. The match at Lords this week, in which the constitution of the Gentlemen's team was considerably altered, was favoured with better weather, and the amateurs turned the tables on the professionals, and won by five wickets. The large scores were Mr. W. G. Grace's 49, Mr. Hornby's 42, and Bates's 87.—There has been somewhat of a lull in inter-county cricket, but at Bath, Sussex has beaten Somersetshire after an exciting match by one wicket.

ATHLETICS.—The first championship meeting under the auspices of the recently formed Amateur Athletic Association was held at Lillie Bridge on Saturday last, but can hardly be considered a success, the entrances being somewhat meagre, and the University element conspicuously absent. Shearman, however, of Oxford took the Quarter Mile, and W. Lawrence and G. P. C. Lawrence, both of the same University, the Hammer and the Hurdle Race. Contrary to expectation in the One Hundred Yards Hackton failed to beat Phillips, but he won the Wide Jump with 22 feet 2 inches. But the hero of the meeting was W. G. George, of the Moseley Harriers, who ran the One Mile in the marvellously quick time of 4 minutes 28 sec., though he had no competitor, and the Four Miles against seven competitors in 20 minutes 45 seconds.

BICYCLING.—The invincible Mr. Cortis has been again to the front in winning the Twenty-five Miles Amateur Championship, doing the distance in 1 h. 22 min. 15 sec.—Tricycles are fast coming into favour, new patents constantly appearing; and it is said that compressed air as an additional motive power has been successfully applied to one by an American mechanic, the reservoir constituting the seat of the rider.

YACHTING.—The cutter yacht *Vandura* has won another race at the Royal Cinque Ports Regatta, this being her eleventh victory out of thirteen attempts. Such success is unparalleled in yacht racing, the *Vandura* having won in all kinds of weather, and against the fleetest craft in England.



MR. BRADLAUGH'S CLAIM to sit and vote as a Member of Parliament has now been transferred to the Law Courts, where we may expect the matter to be discussed and settled with judicial impartiality and coolness. He was served with a writ on the very night upon which he took his seat, and since then others have been served upon him, a new and separate offence, subjecting him to a fine of 500l., being, it is alleged, committed every time he votes. The *Law Journal* is inclined to think that if the action goes against Mr. Bradlaugh, the Government will have the power to remit the fine under the Act by virtue of which the Brighton Aquarium Company was released from penalties for infringing the Lord's Day Act; so that, in that event, Sir W. Harcourt will find himself in a somewhat embarrassing position. If he does not remit the penalty, he will be accused of going back from the vote of his party. In the event of his remitting it, he will be accused of negating the law of Parliament by the Royal Prerogative, and going back from that part of the new Standing Order which makes the affirmation "subject to liability by statute."

A JURYMEN AND THE OATH.—At the Lord Mayor's Court on Wednesday some little sensation was created by the refusal of a gentleman, who had been summoned as a jurymen, either to take the oath, or to affirm that the taking of it was, according to his religious belief, unlawful. He said that he had no religious belief, and therefore could have no religious scruple in taking the oath; but he would not outrage the feelings of others by going through a form which to him would be a mockery. The Recorder thought that his services had better be dispensed with, and the Agnostic withdrew.

PERSONAL LUGGAGE.—A point of interest to bankers was raised this week before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, the South-Eastern Railway Companies suing the Capital and Counties Bank to recover 2l. 12s. 6d. for the carriage of a handbag containing 2,000l., which the manager of the bank took with him from Woolwich to London Bridge. It was contended on behalf of the company that bullion did not come within the meaning of personal luggage; and judgment was entered for them, but there will probably be an appeal.

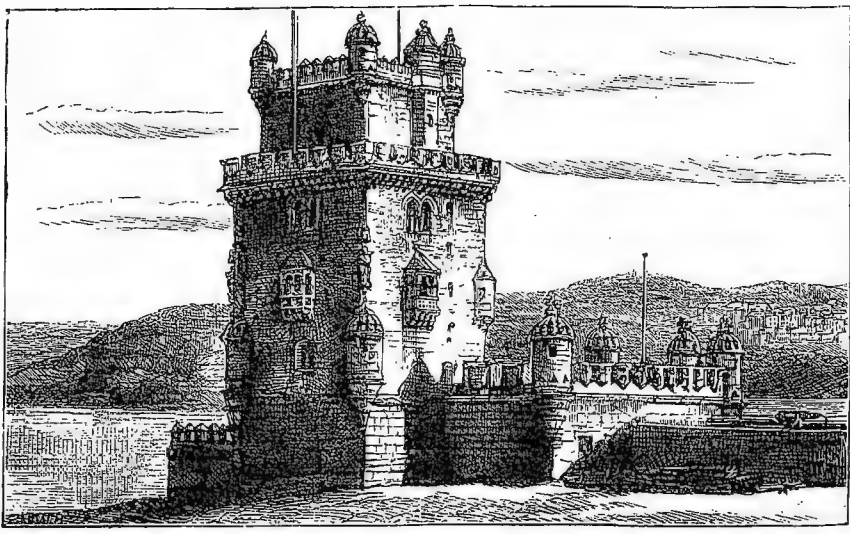
LEGAL EXACTITUDE.—At the Mansion House the other day a summons was issued against a firm of engravers for having neglected to report to Her Majesty's Inspector of Factories a machinery accident which had happened on their premises, and by which a boy lost his finger. The summons had, however, to be dismissed on account of an error which had occurred in drafting it, the word "Limited" having been omitted from the name of the firm.—A more singular and less excusable blunder was last week committed at Birmingham, where a publican was brought to the police-court charged "with being on his own premises, after having been convicted of a like offence within the past year." The word "drunk" ought to have been inserted after the word "being," and the error, of course, rendered the document of no effect.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.—A few days ago a corporal of Militia who had strolled into the Hammersmith Police-court refused to obey the order of the presiding magistrate to take off his uniform cap, on the ground that it was against the Queen's Regulations. After some little contention with the officers of the Court he was persuaded to go away, so that the question as to the supremacy of the military or the civil authorities remains undecided.

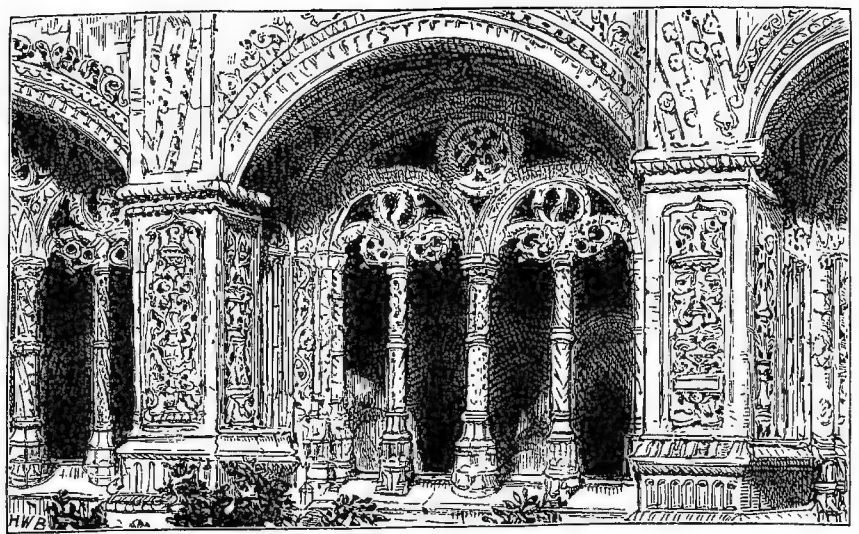
"OLD JUDGE" AND "YOUNG JUDGE."—In the Chancery Division the manufacturers of the tobacco and cigarettes known as "Old Judge" have made an abortive attempt to restrain another firm from using the designation "Young Judge." The Master of the Rolls held that the defendant's trade mark, being a full-length figure of a judge, was not an imitation of the registered trade mark of the plaintiffs, which was that of a judge's head only.

RAILWAY COMPENSATION.—Another example of the proverbial "glorious uncertainty" of the law, is afforded in the case of "the South-Eastern Railway Company v. Smithman and Others." In December 1878 a passenger was killed at East Farleigh Station, while attempting to cross the line in front of a moving train. An action for damages was brought on behalf of the widow

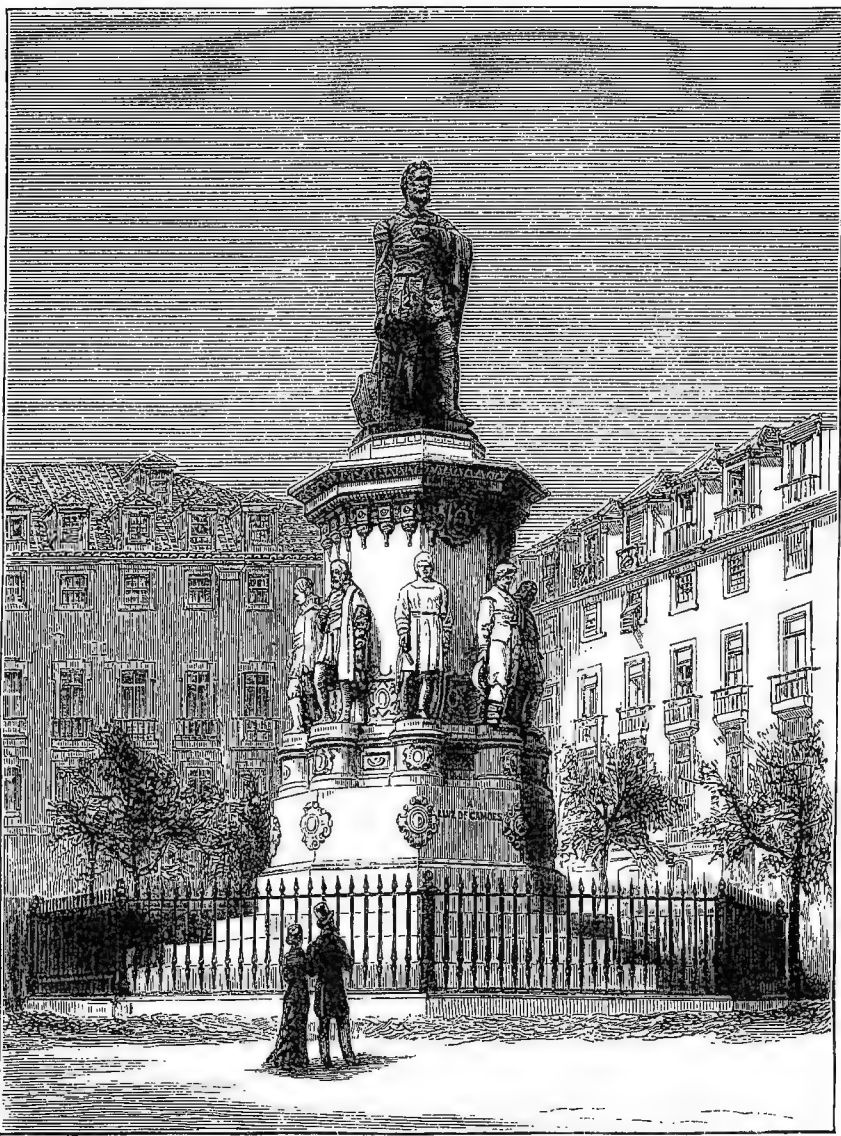
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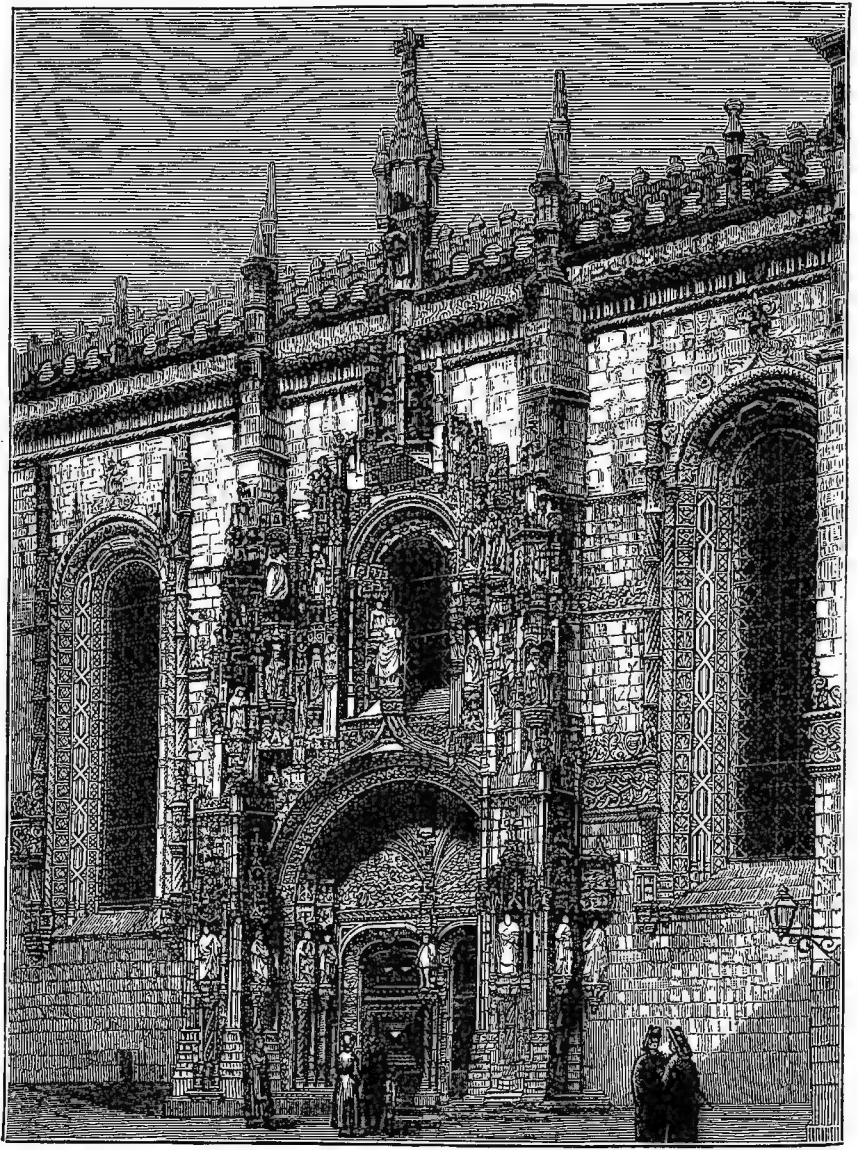
TOWER OF BELEM, FROM WHICH VASCO DA GAMA EMBARKED ON HIS VOYAGE TO INDIA



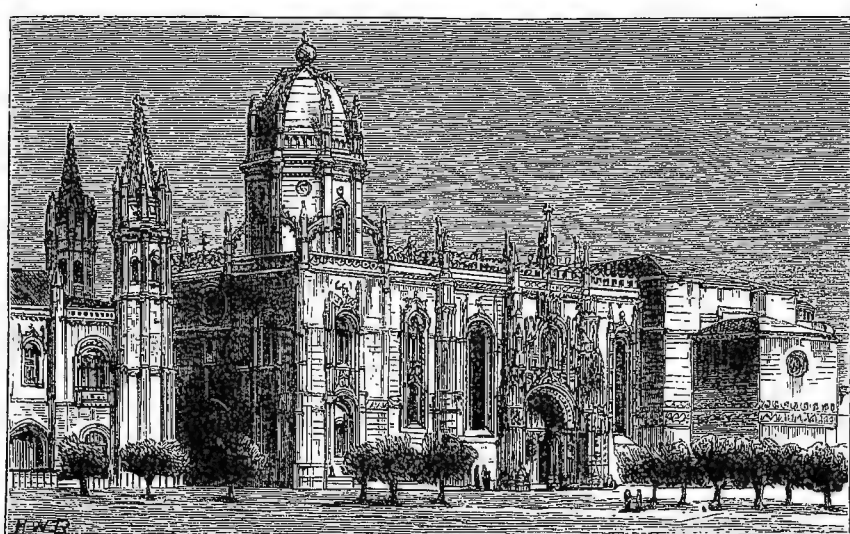
ENLARGED FRAGMENT OF CLOISTER, SAN JERONYMO



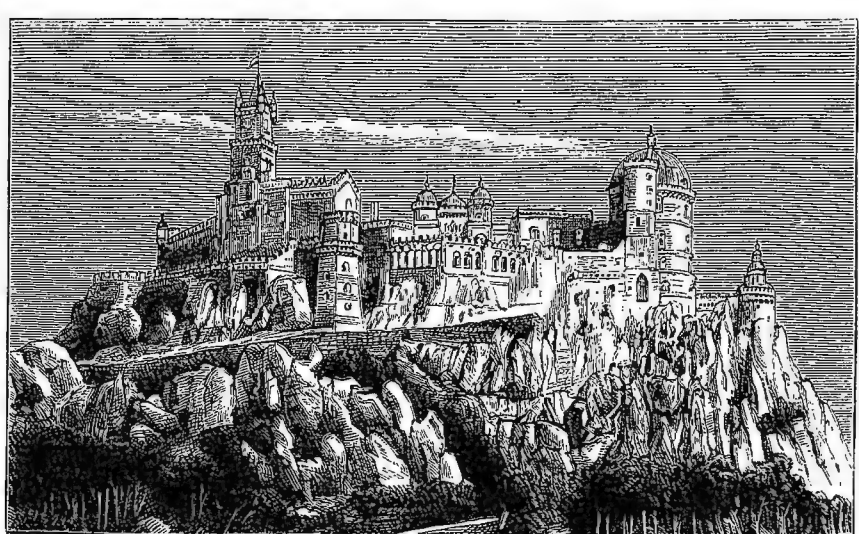
STATUE OF DE CAMOENS IN THE PRAÇA DE CAMOENS, LISBON



ENTRANCE TO SAN JERONYMO



THE CONVENT OF SAN JERONYMO, WHITHER THE BONES OF VASCO DA GAMA AND OF CAMOENS HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED



PALACE OF NOSSA SENHORA DA PENA, BUILT ON THE ROCK WHENCE KING EMANUEL WATCHED THE RETURN OF VASCO DA GAMA'S FLEET

THE CAMOENS AND VASCO DA GAMA TERCENTENARY AT LISBON



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

A seafaring man, apparently—who is turning over a book at the farther end of the stall, stays with his finger on the leaf, and looks at her with undisguised admiration.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OSTERIA DEL CAPPELLO

THE writer who essays to weave into a single narrative the facts by which the destinies of many persons have been governed, must occasionally shift his scenes, and move the hands of his clock. Well is it for him that he is bound neither to observe the unities, nor to state his facts in chronological sequence. The utmost he need hope to do is to "pigeon-hole" those facts in his mind; to disentangle, to co-ordinate, to distribute them, and to present them to his readers as cursorily and pleasantly as he can. He must be careful not to make too heavy demands on the patience of his fellow-travellers. Above all, let him beware of what may be called a saltatory style of narrative; for it is disagreeable even in a story to be perpetually hurried from place to place, or to be always going backwards and forwards.

Still these scene-shiftings are occasionally inevitable. Events must be related as they happened, and "set" in the localities where they happened; and if it should sometimes seem that incidents and personages not "germane to the matter," make unwarrantable intrusion upon a stage already occupied, it must be remembered that life is made up of such intrusions. Two ships, starting from opposite quarters of the globe, have been known to meet in a foggy night precisely under the line of the equator, escaping collision by almost a miracle. Two rivers, widely remote in their sources, converge as of set purpose, and meet to change the destinies of nations. Others, like the Tigris and Euphrates, make for a common goal, run parallel for awhile, and having sought each other in vain, diverge for ever. Men run against each other, wreck each other, miss each other, just like the ships and the rivers. The comparison is trite enough; but "twill serve."

And the purpose it especially serves in this connection is to announce one of these same inevitable shiftings of time and place. We are bound for fresh woods and pastures new.

The scene changes to Verona.

To Verona in the month of October, some three weeks, or thereabouts, before the date of Mr. Marrables' visit to Old Court. To Verona, and more particularly to an ancient house in a narrow and infinitely dirty by-street running almost in a line with the Piazza delle Erbe—a street of dingy shops and narrow pavements, of foul gutters, and gloomy archways full of hay-waggons and workshops; a street noisy with much hammering of coppersmiths and coopers, and pervaded by wandering odours of fried fish, leather, garlic, and stale cabbage water. Yet, like many another mean and uninviting thoroughfare in many another old Italian city, the Via Cappello has seen better days. Because it is gloomy and narrow, it is not

necessarily mean. These high, dull houses were anciently the town residences of nobles whose feudal strongholds crowned the spurs of the blue hills for miles around. They built their streets narrow for shade and coolness; and they packed their houses closely, because space within the city walls was precious. The meanness of the street is in its modern uses, its dirt, its dilapidation. The houses themselves are of noble type, with rustic basements, and overhanging eaves, and here and there an ogive window, trefoiled and pilastered, or a fragment of rusty wrought-iron grating, broken, but still beautiful.

One of these houses—not by any means the most picturesque, though one of the largest, in the street—has long been known as the Osteria del Cappello.

A century ago, perhaps, the whole house may have been a flourishing hostelry; but as its prosperity declined, the three inner sides enclosing the courtyard became gradually sub-let, till the inn consisted (and still consists) of only the lower portion of the street-front. Here, on one side of the gateway was the kitchen, and on the other a cheap trattoria, or dining-room, frequented chiefly by vetturini and peasant farmers. The two floors next above were in part appropriated to the accommodation of customers of the same degree, and in part occupied by the landlord and his family; the top-story, like all the rest of the building, being sublet to families of the artisan class.

Seen from the street, it is a grim, desolate, prison-like place; with one lovely Gothic window boarded up, and a bundle of hay hanging over the dark archway. Seen from within on a bright morning, when two sides of the quadrangle are flooded with sunshine, and the gossips are out upon their balconies, and the vetturini are cleaning their carriages in the yard, and the cocks and hens are strutting about in search of what they may find, and all is noise, and life, and chatter, and bustle, it is as lively as a hive full of bees.

Three tiers of open galleries supported on pillars run round the three inner sides of the building, and are divided off according to the number of windows pertaining to the occupants of the rooms which open upon them. On the middle pillar of the lowest gallery, just opposite the *porte cochère*, hangs a little wooden penthouse containing a half-obliterated painting of the Virgin and Child; while over the archway, on the inner side looking to the courtyard, may be seen a sculptured tablet, on which is represented a shield with armorial bearings, surmounted, not by a knightly helmet, but by a quaint, low-crowned hat. It is this hat, this "cappello," which gives its name to both street and inn.

To say of one of these old palazzi that it is a house with a history, is a mere truism. The times in which they were built were times of feud and bloodshed, and the difficulty would be to find one whose walls, if they could speak, would have no tale to tell. But the

history attaching to this particular house is no mere record of murder and rapine. It perpetuates, almost as a matter of course, the memory of a deadly feud; but it also perpetuates the sweetest, the tenderest, the saddest love story of the Middle Ages.

This Osteria dell Cappello—otherwise the Hostelry of the Hat—was once a princely mansion; that Hat was anciently the crest of a noble Veronese family. The house was called the Casa de' Cappelletti; and the Cappelletti were the Capulets of Shakespeare.

Here Juliet lived; and hither, in mask and domino, came Romeo to his hereditary foe's "accustomed feast." The baked meats about which old Capulet was so anxious, were cooked, maybe, in that very kitchen beside the archway; and the hall in which the guests danced and made merry would surely have been one of these ground-floor rooms looking into the courtyard—Basilio the joiner's workshop, perhaps, which has a rare old ceiling; or the long room opposite, which is now divided by a partition, and occupied by two sets of lodgers.

A hive, indeed! The old roof shelters some forty or fifty souls; decent, hard-working mechanics with their wives and families—shoemakers, tailors, silk-weavers, journeymen bakers, stonemasons, cork-cutters, leather-dressers, printers, and the like. The men, for the most part, go out daily to their work. The women live half their time in their balconies, gossiping, nursing their babies, darning their husbands' stockings, and cutting up vegetables for the midday "minestra." As for the children, whose name is legion, they swarm all over the place, chasing each other about the staircases, playing at hide and seek among the hackney-carriages in the courtyard, getting behind the horses' heels in the stable, tumbling down the cellar-steps, and behaving generally as if they were made of gutta-percha, and warranted not to break.

It is early—not quite half-past six—and the vetturini are busy washing down their carriage-wheels, dusting cushions and mats, attending to their horses, and so often going to the well with their buckets that the good housewives have hard work to get their pitchers filled.

"Dio! it is always the same game here!" says a buxom, brown-skinned woman, the wife of a street-porter who lives on the fourth story; "all the world wanting water at the one moment!"

"I have been waiting with my can these ten minutes by the clock!" grumbles another.

"Eh, that's nothing new!" chimes in a third—a wiry, acid-looking body, with a black kerchief tied about her head. "One had need to come before sunrise, if one wouldn't lose half the morning."

Then, turning sharply upon the vetturini—"Ecco!" she says, "why don't you men carry your buckets to the fountain at the

street-corner, instead of keeping us poor women waiting our turn at the crank, like a string of theatre-folk at the gallery-door? It isn't amusing, I can tell you!"

"Trudge off to the street-fountain yourself, Dame Giannetta," retorts one of the men. "You haven't to be at the station by seven, to meet the first train from Milan."

"I wouldn't leave cleaning my carriage till the last minute, and then drive my poor horse off his legs, if I had!" retorts Dame Giannetta.

"Che! che! che, Paolo, where's the good of answering the women?" growls a stout fellow in a green felt hat, who is in the act of filling his own bucket. "They are magpies, and must chatter!"

"Ay; and they'd gossip their time away all the same, whether we kept 'em waiting, or whether we didn't," adds Paolo, with a shrug.

Whereupon, to the accompaniment of a shrill chorus of reprisals, the women push their way to the front; take the well by storm; and, half-scolding, half-laughing, keep possession of the crank till their household vessels brim over.

Meanwhile, first one, then another driver, buckles his last strap, fetches his whip from the stable, leads his horse and carriage out of the yard, and drives away. At last but one remains—a sturdy, fresh-coloured, sulky-looking young fellow with frizzy black hair, and a carnation stuck behind his ear. A fellow who sports a velvet collar to his coat and a crimson woollen sash about his waist, and thinks no little of his personal appearance. He is apparently in less haste than his companions; for he stays rubbing up the plated door-handles of his vettura and polishing his window-glasses, as if time at this hour of the morning were of no value.

"Look at 'Tonio Moretti, hanging about, as usual, that he may catch a glimpse of La Giulietta!" laughs one, gossip to another.

"Lucky for her! There isn't a steadier lad in the whole quarter."

"Nor a better-looking!"

"So well-to-do, too!—his own vettura and his own two hacks; and he not twenty-three!"

"They'll make a pretty pair," quavers a meek old woman, with skinny hands, bare arms, and naked feet in gaudy wooden clogs.

"I don't know so much about that," snarls Dame Giannetta, who has daughters of her own. "It takes two to make a pair, as any cobbler will tell you. 'Tonio's well enough—too short and thickest to my thinking; yet well enough, as young men go now-a-days. But the Blessed Virgin only knows what he, or any one else, sees in La Giulietta!"

And then they fall to work to pick the said Giulietta to pieces. She is too tall; she is too thin; her nose is too short; she does her hair badly; she is unsociable; she has no manners; she wants education (your disparaging critic of the lower Italian class always comes down with this crushing allegation); and so on in a gathering crescendo, which presently becomes so shrill that it attracts the attention of the young vetturino at the other end of the yard.

"Peace, wasp-tongues! Can't you let the donzella alone? Sacramento! You're never happy but when you're backbiting your betters."

These words—roughly spoken and emphasized with a scowl—break up the magpie Parliament with sudden confusion.

"Wasp-tongues, indeed! There's insolence for you!"

"Our betters? By my faith, I'd like to see them in this house!"

"Speak for yourself, 'Tonio Moretti! Maybe your betters are not our betters."

"Such a girl as La Giulietta, for example!"

"Brought up, as you may say, on charity!"

"Holy St. Nicholas! what next, I wonder?"

Thus muttering, scolding, frowning, the gossips catch up their pitchforks and prepare to go their ways, just as a young girl carrying a big brass can runs lightly down an outer stair on the sunny side of the courtyard, and comes smiling into the midst of them.

"A happy day to you, Monna Teresa—and to you, Lucia. I hope the madre's cough is better this morning? Ah, Dame Giannetta, what a beautiful fuchsia you have in your balcony!—it does one's eyes good to look at it. Are Lisa and Lotta gone to market yet? Cara Carolina, I went to your door last evening, when you were out—the poor dear baby was crying so piteously! But I could not get in to comfort him. Another time, if you will leave your key with me, I can attend to the little one. I never go out, you know, after vesper. What, going already? Cielo! what a hurry every one is in this morning!"

A girl with big serious brown eyes; and a rosy, childlike mouth; and a slender throat; and a soft olive complexion, like pale gold—a girl as light and swift of foot as Atalanta herself; her little hands tanned, but not coarsened, by the ardent Lombard sun; and her black hair coiled in a loose, careless mass at the back of her delicate head. She looks very young—y younger, indeed, than she really is; for she was seventeen only a week or two ago. She is an orphan, adopted and brought up by her uncle, one Stefano Beni; and Stefano Beni, who was her mother's brother, rents three little rooms and a balcony on the south side of the courtyard of the Osteria del Cappello. He is a hard-working, cross-grained old bachelor, by trade a wheelwright; and his workshop is under one of the ground-floor arches of the Roman amphitheatre in the Piazza Brà. He says he is poor; the neighbours say he is parsimonious. Uncle and niece, at all events, live sparingly enough; and La Giulietta, who cooks, mends, washes, goes to market, and works at ecclesiastical embroidery for the trade, thinks herself well off with a new gown once a year.

"Why are they all in such haste to be gone?" she asks wonderingly. "They hardly spoke . . . is anything the matter?"

"Per Bacco!—it means that I have affronted them all round. They'd been dawdling about the well, cackling their ill-natured gossip for the last half-hour; and I lost patience."

"What did you do?"

"It isn't what I did, but what I said."

"Then what did you say?"

"I called them 'wasp-tongues'!"

"A hard word, 'Tonio!"

"It was a true word; and they didn't like it. People never do like the truth."

"Does not that depend on how it is said, and by whom it is spoken? Now a hard word from you, 'Tonio—who are such a favourite . . ."

The vetturino laughs, takes her can from her hand, and stands it on the brink of the well.

"What do I care for their liking or disliking? In all Verona, there is but one whose good-will I covet."

"That is ungrateful."

"Tell me that I am a favourite with yourself, and see if I will be ungrateful, bella Giulietta!"

But the girl is evidently in no mood to be courted.

"Do not quite fill the can, please," she says, brusquely; "or it will be too heavy."

"I will carry it up for you."

"And leave your horse to go where he pleases? See, he is tired of waiting. He knows he ought to be at work by now!"

"I wonder if he also knows by whose fault he is late?"

"The can is quite full enough, 'Tonio."

"We should have been at the station in time to meet the first train, if La Giulietta had come to the well at half-past six, instead of at a quarter to seven."

"Prythee give me the can, good 'Tonio! I am in haste to go to market—and hark! the clocks are striking."

"Nay, I must dry the handle first! Sure this is a bigger can than you bring most days? It looks as if it came from Venice."

"Uncle Stefano brought it from Chioggia, years and years ago—I dare say it came from Venice. I am sorry to be obliged to use it; but the other leaks, and I have given it to old Beppo to solder. But in truth I have no time to waste in talk—please give me the can."

"It is too heavy for you, cara! I must indeed carry it for you to the third landing."

This insistence, this "cara," are too much. Her eyes kindle with quick anger; and she gives him one look—just one.

"When I want help," she says haughtily, "I will ask for it. And it will not be you whom I shall ask!"

"So, so! You need not wither a fellow up with your lightning in that fashion!" remonstrates the vetturino, sulkily setting down the can. "You know I mean you well . . . but do what I will, I never can please you, bella Giulietta!"

However, the wrath of La Giulietta is not to be turned aside by a soft word. She only tilts the can; pours off enough water to lighten it; and without another word, crosses the yard, mounts the stair, and is gone.

A heavy frown settles meanwhile on 'Tonio's handsome face. For a moment, he stands irresolute. Then, with a defiant laugh and a muttered oath, he lights a cigarette, leads his horse out into the street, flourishes his whip, and drives away.

"You are late this morning, dear," says old Anita, the chesnut-seller, when La Giulietta comes tripping presently through the archway on her way to market.

Old Anita has sat in the shelter of that ancient gateway, selling fruit in summer and chestnuts in their season, for the last thirty years. She is very old, and very poor; and the lodgers are good to her according to their means. So, when the girl stays to drop a centesimo into her little tray, she smiles and nods, and accepts the tiny obolus as a matter of course.

"You are late, dear," she repeats. "Ah! I saw how it was! I saw 'Tonio Moretti filling somebody's can just now at the well! Che! che! che!—the old woman has eyes as well as another. One need not be a Gitana to foretell the future, either!"

But La Giulietta is half way along the street by this time; and old Anita, looking after the slight figure threading its way rapidly among carts and foot-passengers, shakes her head, and sighs, and warms her withered hands over the brazier on which her chestnuts are roasting.

"A good child! a dear child!" she mutters to herself. "Too good for him—too good! He will not make her happy."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK

WAS it as quaint and beautiful a spot, I wonder, in the days of the Montecchi and Cappelletti, this market-place of palaces—this Piazza delle Erbe—of old Verona? Was it crowded then, as now, with picturesque stalls glowing with fruit? Was it dotted all over with huge white cotton umbrellas, like gigantic mushrooms? Did the lady Juliet coax her nurse to go round this way 'o' mornings as they returned from matins; and did Peter, walking behind with his young mistress's breviary and Madam nurse's fan, follow them home with his arms full of roses and lilies fresh with the dews of who knows how many centuries ago?

How pleasant it would be to think that the place is yet unchanged—that these palace-fronts, this quaint clock-tower, this Gothic market-cross and sculptured fountain, were seen, just as we see them, by the immortal lovers of the old, old story! That is what the good folk of Verona—the unlettered majority—believe implicitly. It matters not which ruler built this or that monument; or even which came first in order of time, Diocletian or Can Grande, Roman or Scaliger. To say of a place that it is old—very old—as old as the days of the Montecchi and Cappelletti, is chronology enough for them.

Bred in the simple folk-lore of her class, Giulietta Beni not only believed all the popular traditions of her native city, but, half unconsciously, heightened and elaborated them out of her own dreams and fancies. She had read the story of Romeo and Juliet a hundred times over, in an old, dog-eared, dilapidated, vellum-bound volume which she found years ago at the bottom of a box that had been her mother's before her marriage. She had seen it as a "Drama-Tragico" in the Roman Amphitheatre, performed by a strolling company, with no other scenery and effects than the marble seats and the blue sky and the shifting sunlight. Once—and that was the greatest event of her life—she had heard Rossini's "Montecchi e Capuletti" from the gallery of the Theatre della Valle. And the play, and the story, and the opera, and the tradition, and the ancient streets and squares and churches of Verona, were all fused together in her mind, and belonged indissolubly to each other. She thought she knew the very spot, over against the Roman gateway, where Tybalt was slain. Of Juliet's window in the old house of the Via Cappello, she was as confident as of her own; and she was quite sure that a certain little rock-cut chapel belonging once upon a time to the ruined monastery at the back of the Church of Saints Nazario and Celso, was no other than Friar Laurence's cell. As for this same Piazza delle Erbe, what could be more certain than that Romeo, counting the leaden-footed hours that kept him from his lady's balcony, was wont to pace these very pavements, and watch the hands of that very clock in yonder ancient tower? When old Scalchi, who kept the bookstall at the corner of the Piazza dei Signori, told her one day that the clock-tower was built by Can Grande della Scala more than half a century after the date at which Romeo and Juliet are said to have lived and died, she was as indignant as if a sceptic had ventured to doubt the miraculous properties of the water in King Pepin's urn, or the piscatorial prowess of San Zenone. For of the line dividing tradition from fiction, she knew nothing. To her, it was all true; all historical; as much a part of Verona as the amphitheatre itself.

The market-folk had nothing but kind words and smiles for the girl, as she threaded her way in and out the maze of stalls. Every one knew that she was Stefano Beni's orphan niece, that she lived at the Osteria dell Cappello, and that her name was Giulietta. She had been her uncle's little housekeeper ever since she was nine years of age; and had come to market as regularly, and made her little purchases as prudently, as the oldest matron there.

"Good morning, La Giulietta!" says one. "Do you want a bit of real good stracchino cheese for the uncle's supper? I know he loves the Milan stracchino; and I kept a bit back on purpose, though Count Giovi's cook would fain have bought it all."

"Here, Giulietta mia!" cries another. "Did you ever see such sweet fennel as this? I brought it this morning from San Michele. You shall have it for two centesimi the bundle, though I sell it to every one else for three."

"What vegetables do you want for the minestra, little one?" asks a third. "Fresh beans, potatoes, cucumbers, onions . . . No one treats you better than I do, remember!"

But La Giulietta is in no haste to buy till she has been round the market; and so, in russet gown and dark blue kerchief, bareheaded, neatly shod, her only ornament a silver pin transfixing the dark coils of her shining hair, she goes to and fro amid alleys of scarlet tomatoes, purple mulberries, grapes, lemons, oranges, quinces, pumpkins, melons; gourds of all shapes, sizes, and colours, green, and pinky, and yellow, and violet; pearly rice from the rice fields

about Mantua; and unground maize, like beads of clouded amber. Flowers are in profusion—roses, camellias, and autumn violets; besides mountains of mulberry leaves for silkworm-breeders; pinecones for firing; flat baskets piled high with wrinkled olives; and sacks of shining brown chestnuts.

And here, bargaining, gossiping, laughing, chattering, are all the housewifely world of Verona, leavened by a sprinkling of Austrian soldiers in white uniforms, with here and there a mendicant monk in woollen frock and sandals.

Giving smile for smile, greeting for greeting, La Giulietta meanwhile makes her modest purchases; lettuce and cress and sweet fennel for salad; lentils and a handful of tawny fungi for soup; a little pat of fresh butter wrapped in mulberry leaves; and the proffered morsel of stracchino for Uncle Stefano's supper. These, with a dish of polenta, and perhaps a neat's foot, will furnish her larder for two or three days. And still, whichever way she turns, she meets some well-known face. Here are Dame Giannetta's daughters, Lotta and Lisa, beside themselves with joy; for Tomaso, the carpenter's assistant at the Theatre Nuovo, has just given them three gallery tickets for to-morrow evening's performance.

"Dear little Giulietta!" they say with a patronising air, "it is a pity we cannot take you also—you go out so seldom, and have so little pleasure! But, you see the third ticket is for the mother; and she will not let us go anywhere without her—as if we were babies, and could not take care of each other! Ah, well! another time, perhaps, little Giulietta!"

"Cara Giulietta, it was so good of you to bring my Tito that mug of soup last night," says the widow Carolina, another neighbour, who supports herself and her blind boy by straw-plaiting.

"He hardly coughed at all after it, and has been better ever since."

"Aha, la piccola!" laughs a bonny-looking well-dressed dame, followed by a man who carries her purchases. "What is this pretty song that a little bird has been singing in my ear? Did he tell me that our Giulietta has found a Romeo?"

"Your little bird sings false, Signora Donda!"

"Nay, you look as if one accused you of sacrilege! But a lover—why that's as it should be, my child, when one is young and pretty!"

But the girl turns away briskly; and the Signora Donda, whose husband keeps a café-billiard in the Via Leonana, shrugs her shoulders and laughs contemptuously.

"Che! che! che! one would think 'Tonio Moretti was not good enough for her!"

"In truth, she might go farther and fare worse, Signora Donda," replies the fat cook from the Hotel Colombo d'Oro, who is buying at the same stall.

"Eh, what would you have? The girls' heads nowadays are as full of nonsense as a melon is full of pips. I'll be bound the foolish wench thinks a real gentleman would not be too good for her!"

But these criticisms are lost upon Giulietta Beni, who is by this time far enough away, attracted by a certain bookstall at the corner of the Piazza dei Signori. It is a bookstall of the humbler sort, stocked with broadsheet ballads, story-books in gaudy paper wrappers, second-hand missals, old music, cookery books, lives of the saints, and the like; and it is kept by a one-eyed cripple popularly known, because of his peculiar voice, as Il Grillo (the cricket); but whose real name is Scalchi. There are several loiterers at Il Grillo's stall this morning, and his one eye has enough to do.

"Good morning to you, mia bella!" he cries in his shrill falsetto. "I have something very special for you! I could have sold it a dozen times over, but I kept it for you. See—a new ballad, all about yourself! Ay, look here!—it is called '*The Fatal Loves of Romeo and Giulietta*'—a ballad in twenty-four verses, with a beautiful wood-cut to boot! La Giulietta (that's you my dear, and very like you)—La Giulietta on her balcony, gazing up at the moon; Romeo behind the cypresses in the garden! Come now, you will not grudge five centesimi for your own history and your own portrait, to say nothing of the lover in the garden! Why, the picture alone is worth the money! Two centesimi? Impossible. Why, I gave three for it myself! Fie! what a little Jewess it is! Well, there!—because you are a good child, and call me always by my right name, you shall have the ballad for what it cost me—three centesimi, as I'm a sinner!"

The girl blushes and bargains; the bystanders listen and laugh. One—a seafaring man, apparently—who is turning over a book at the farther end of the stall, stays with his finger on the leaf, and looks at her with undisguised admiration.

"'Tis to be sung to the tune of '*Ti Voglio Bene Assai*!' squeaks Il Grillo, pocketing his three centesimi, as La Giulietta runs away with her purchase.

"Why did you say that it was a song about herself?" asks the sailor, his finger still between the leaves.

"Eh! eh! That question shows you to be a stranger!"

"Well, yes—I am a stranger. Who is the donzella?"

"Her name is Giulietta."

"I guessed as much. And her surname?"

The stall-keeper shakes his head suspiciously.

"What is that to you?"

"Maybe nothing—maybe something. . . . Who knows?"

How much do you ask for this book?"

"Five Austrian lire."

"You said three just now."

"If I said three, I meant five," replies Il Grillo, with a cool stare.

The sailor smiled, chinking the loose coins in his trowsers' pocket.

"And the donzella? Where does she live? What is her father's name?"

"Prythee, let me look again at the book, Signore. Eh! eh! eh! See, now, what a head is mine! There's my private mark; and that mark stands for seven lire. Seven lire, Signore! You can take it or leave it—not a farthing less!"

Still smiling, the sailor brings out a sun-browned hand full of money—silver and copper, with a gleam or two of gold. From these he selects a French ten-franc piece.

"You can give me three lire in change?"

Il Grillo's one eye sparkles covetously.

"Stefano Beni is a wheelwright. You will find his workshop under one of the archways of the Arena in the Piazza Brà," he replies, clutching the ten-franc piece.

"La Giulietta is his daughter?"

"His niece."

"But they don't live at the workshop under the archway—that is impossible."

Il Grillo has brought from the innermost recesses of his nether garments a little greasy leather bag tied with leather strings, wherein he deposits the half Napoleon.

"Three lire!" he mutters. "Corpo di Dio!—have I as much as three lire?"

"Well—supposing you have not enough change . . . where do they live?"

"You'd be going to the Osteria dell Cappello, if I told you!"

"What, the old house of the Cappelletti? Does she live there?"

"Where else would one expect La Giulietta to live, I wonder?" grins the cripple, restoring the leather bag to the obscurity of his breeches pocket.

"All right—you may keep the change."

And the sailor, sauntering away with the dear-bought volume under his arm, crosses over to the shady side just in time to see

the object of his inquiries meekly kissing the hand, and apparently receiving the benediction, of a plump little white-haired priest in rusty black soutane and shovel hat, at the farther end of the Piazza. "Who is he?" asks one of the bystanders at Il Grillo's stall. "Eh! eh! How should I know?—some salt-water chap with more money than brains! Ten francs for that rubbishy old copy of Guarini's Pastor Fido, which is worth about fifty centesimi!—I call that a good morning's work!"

(To be continued)

INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND

LAST week two remarkable concerts took place, in both of which the performers were the blind pupils and professors of the Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles of Paris. These blind performers, with the necessary seeing guides and teachers, numbered about 100, and were brought over by Mr. and Mrs. Richardson Gardner, with a view of showing what blind performers are capable of when properly trained. The first of these concerts took place on June 28th at the Mansion House, the second on July 1st at St. James' Hall. At the Mansion House nearly all the pieces were the composition of former pupils, and it seems rather unfortunate that a higher class of music was not selected. This was to some extent corrected at St. James' Hall, where the Andante of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was given well, but by no means perfectly. Mendelssohn's Wedding March was finally given, and considering that the greater part of the orchestra consisted of pupils under instruction the performance was very creditable. One of the blind professors, M. Specht, played a solo on the hautboy with great delicacy and feeling, but solos by pupils on the piano, which after all is the instrument by which the blind have to earn their living as teachers, were conspicuous by their absence. It is quite possible that there were many fine performers on the piano among the pupils, but they had no opportunities of proving the excellence of their teaching.

A marked contrast in this respect was afforded at a concert given by the pupils of the Royal Normal College, situated at Upper Norwood, who gave a concert at Grosvenor House on June 30th. Here no orchestral pieces were performed, the music being entirely vocal and piano. Nothing was performed but classical music of a high order, and as pupil after pupil took their seats at the piano it became evident that they had been admirably taught, and in all probability would become excellent teachers themselves. This view was confirmed by a statement which was made by the Duke of Westminster, that of the old pupils no less than 80 per cent. were now self-supporting, a proportion far higher than that reached in Paris, or any other European school.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner wish to employ the large legacy of 300,000*l.* left by the late Mr. Henry Gardner, in founding a musical institution for the blind at Windsor, for which borough Mr. Richardson Gardner is member. In this they are opposed by all their co-trustees, and it certainly seems a waste of money to build a new institution when we have one already, whose work it can hardly be expected to equal, much less surpass.



RURAL NOTES

SUMMER BEAUTIES.—The year is now surpassingly beautiful; the trees are in full leaf, and the frequent showers have kept the dust down, so that they are as clean and as fresh as in early spring. All hedge-row plant life is thick and vigorous. More flowers and less rank leafage seems to be the rule with weeds this year, as compared with last, even as it is the rule with cultivated plants. The winter corn is nearly breast high, and is everywhere coming into bloom. Hay-making is in progress, and the fields are fragrant, as they were not last year, owing to the weakening wet and dull days of the spring and early summer. Unlike 1878 at this time, when the streams were all very low, there is now in most rivers and rivulets a satisfactory flow of water. Strawberry grounds are rich in fruit, while the varied promises of mixed orchards give on the average a fair prospect of profit to the cultivator. The year's crops not only look well, but, as at present seen, seem likely to yield well. Unfortunate Ireland is this year especially favoured; wheat, barley, and oats all promise exceptional yields, while the hay is a heavier crop than in Great Britain. The period of distress is, it is to be hoped, drawing to a close.

HORSES.—The agricultural returns sent to farmers, occupiers, and landowners to fill up, ask two questions as to horses—(a) the number of unbroken horses; (b) the number of mares kept solely for breeding purposes. This report certainly leaves a good deal to be desired. If occupiers are to be troubled at all they might as well be asked questions the answers to which would tell us how, for military and other purposes, we really stand. Let us know how many young and how many aged horses we have; how many thoroughbreds, hunters, half-breeds, draught horses, and ponies.

PROGRESS.—The present visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Carlisle invites a comparison with their previous visit in 1855. The following prizes were given then and are offered now, respectively. Shorthorns, then 106*l.*, now 460*l.*. Herefords 160*l.*, then, now 290*l.*. Devons 160*l.*, then, now 290*l.*. Sussex, Jersey, Guernsey, Norfolk, and Suffolk animals, no prizes then, now among them 470*l.*. Ayrshires, then 35*l.*, now 95*l.*. Polled cattle, 35*l.*, then, now 135*l.*. Galloways, no prizes then, now 195*l.*. So much for cattle. Prizes for horses have increased from 200*l.* to 2,125*l.*. At the present exhibition there will be special prizes for the local Herdwick sheep.

HATFIELD.—Mr. James Barton, whose forestry has done so much for Lyndoch and the estates of the Earl of Mansfield, has now become head forester to the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield.

RENT REMISSIONS continue to take place, although farmers' prospects are materially improved. It is therefore only when we are confronted by a really special act of kindness that we can pause to speak on this always satisfactory subject of sympathy between landlord and tenant. Mr. H. A. Brassey, M.P., of Preston Hall, near Maidstone, has forwarded to each of his agricultural tenants a receipt for the whole half-year's rent due at Midsummer.

NUTS IN KENT.—Amid the general good signs of the present year, it is unfortunate to have to note an exception in the hazels, filberts, and cobnuts of Kent. Almost of a certainty nuts will be scarce.

HOPS.—Lice are locally troublesome; but, on the whole, hops now promise very well, and growers are very hopeful.

INSECTS are exceedingly abundant this year. The various tribes of *Diptera*, *Lepidoptera*, and *Coleoptera* show by their numbers how well the season suits them.

ROOTS.—The prospects of the cereal crops being favourable, it is especially fortunate for farmers that roots also promise well. This coincidence does not occur too frequently not to be appreciated. The turnip braid is strong and good, and the fly has not done much damage, except very locally. Mangel wurtzel does not promise so

well; at the same time there is no uniformity of bad fortune. Potatoes look very promising. The haulm is strong, the leaves healthy and of good colour, without the suspicious darkness presaging disease.

SHEEP AND FARMERS.—The fluke has done its work. In the East and North the losses have been slight; in the Home Counties and the South heavy; in the West and South-west very heavy. The total loss of sheep from fluke is put at little under three million—a loss to the country of six to nine million pounds. Ireland lost last year over potatoes little more than this, yet the extremest remedies, including suspension of rent, are recommended. The English farmer, however, is expected to bear his losses, and apply for no Government aid; but, on the contrary, to smile when another penny is put upon the income tax; and yet the English farmer is spoken of as a grumbler!

DOG SHOWS.—The Dog Show recently held at Belfast was a great success. Some other shows of similar recent date have not been so successful, owing in more than one case to the incapacity of the management in the face of rain. Dog owners should always know that their valuable animals will be lodged otherwise than on the bare ground, and that all fear of damp is excluded.

ACCLIMATISATION.—At Norwich will shortly be held, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, an exhibition of various kinds of fish and aquatic birds. The object is to show landowners, within whose properties are lakes and streams, what foreign fish and fowl can be advantageously introduced and acclimatised.

TREES AND CLIMATE.—The influence of forests upon the climate of a country, and even of a few woods on the rainfall of a district, is so curious, and at the same time so important, that no small thanks are due to Dr. Samuel Cooke, of Poona, for his recent elaborate investigations. A condensation of the conclusions resulting therefrom is given in the July number of the *Journal of Forestry*, and ought not to be missed. We cannot help thinking that England might be greatly improved in certain parts by a systematic planting of the proper sorts of trees. Parts of Algeria have been rescued from miasma in this way, and something might possibly be done for the dreary marsh land near Rome. The whole subject is worthy the consideration of landowners in this and other countries.

TOP-DRESSING FOR TREE-ROOTS.—The best and safest of top-dressings for stimulating the growth of forest trees is one composed of turfy loam from the surface of an old pasture laid up to rot for, say, a couple of years before use. Where this is not obtainable, soil out of a good arable field or from a kitchen garden is a fair substitute.

SUBSTITUTES FOR HOPS.—There is one point in the Malt Tax resolutions of Mr. Gladstone which concerns hop growers rather intimately. The Premier proposes that on the repeal of the Malt Duty brewers should be left to use what they please. The Act of George III., 1816, provided that nothing should be used for and as a substitute for hops, but it has latterly been allowed to brewers to use all sorts of substitutes. If no clause be inserted in the new Act requiring compliance with the old restrictions, the employment of sugar, corn, and other articles will go on increasing until the present pet grievance of the extraordinary tithe becomes forgotten in the more serious grievance of diminished and diminishing demand.

"GROUND GAME."—These words have been interpreted as meaning all game that does not fly, or, as the *Saturday Review* puts it, "fur as against feather." That such a view is not uncommon may be seen in queries addressed to country papers as to whether foxes are touched by the new Ground Game Bill. Still stranger is the query recently made public as to whether the red deer of Exmoor are included under the heading "ground game." As such doubts are current it may be as well to state that in the mind and diction of Sir William Harcourt "ground game" means hares and rabbits, and nothing more.

"CUCKOO!"

UNDER the simple title of "Cuckoo," there is, at the Academy, a most pleasant picture by Mr. Millais, to whom might be well applied those lines that Horace Walpole wrote on Romney, for his portrait of Lady Craven, which was sold, by the by, the other day at Christie's, "An artist who on canvas fixed All charms that Nature's pencil mixed." The subject of this picture is that of two little darlings in the dell of a wood, who, amidst peeping primroses and russet leaves, are enjoying the cry of the cuckoo: the one girl looking as though she sees the bird, and the other one listening to its double note, with an intensity of expression that is truth itself; and nothing which we have yet had from his hand can surpass it in execution, save, perhaps, his masterly portrait of "Mrs. Jopling" that is in the Grosvenor Gallery, where is also another picture on the selfsame subject by Mr. Cecil Lawson, depicting two young girls spellbound by the cuckoo's call. Now, when any great cause for thankfulness occurs, we are not behindhand in due acknowledgment; and, on inspecting those pictures again this week, we were reminded, as we had but just returned from the country, that an occasion for thanks had certainly come, for the noise of the cuckoo is now less often heard, and he soon will cease his "singing."

Chaucer, in what Leigh Hunt called "the oldest English song extant," connects the cuckoo with warmer weather:—"Summer is ycomen in, loud sing cuckoo;" but Shakespeare, that closer observer of Nature, makes the bird belong to Spring—"This side is Hiems, winter; this, Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo," and as the representative of Spring he regarded—"Now Spring cometh, and the cuckoo's voice." But it has always been a matter for wonder with us why such prominence should be given to the shout of that bird—"that hermit bird" whose "notes are void of art"—when the truer indications of Spring are so present to us in her own fair floral emblems, namely, the violet—"the sweet-breathed violet of the shade" that strews "the green lap of the new-come Spring"—the primrose—"first-born child of Ver," the "glory of the Spring"—the anemone—"the silver anemone of the wood," so "frail and fair"—and the hyacinth—"that 'wilding of the woods,' the 'fair-haired hyacinth' that is 'purple, and white, and blue,' and which 'flings from its bells a sweet peal anew,' besides which, we have then, in their great abundance, those 'pearled Arcturi of the earth,' those 'flowers white and rede, men callen daisies'—that 'little dazie that at evening closes,' which served Shakespeare for a simile, when describing the hand of the fair Lucretia, as it lay on the green coverlet in all its whiteness, where it 'showed like an April daisy on the grass.'" Sir John Suckling, too, adopts it—"Her cheeks as rare a white was on, No daisy makes comparison." Flowers before noise, say we! be they but of those most lowly.

We may be prejudiced; perhaps we are; but when it comes to having to listen, as was the case with us, day after day, to the clanging clamour of countless cuckoos—that, proof against the shying of sticks, sods, and stones, would keep on "singing," while we tried in vain to transmit tints to canvas—our dislike to his "woodland call" may be well imagined; and we may therefore be excused if we, with Chaucer, designate him "vile;" for Wordsworth, even in his mild way, doubts what to call him, whether a bird or a "wandering voice," while Clare speaks of "a gaping cuckoo-flower with spotted leaves" that "seems blushing of the singing it has heard," as well indeed it might, were it able to understand it. However, notwithstanding the faults of the male birds, we

must take exception to the term of "useless cuckoos," as they kill the caterpillars, as was proved by Hunter, and, as was still further proved by Professor Owen, who found the hairs in their gizzards were those of the tiger-moth; and in the Museum of the College of Surgeons there are balls of hair that were taken from the stomachs of cuckoos. So, in spite of his noise, we really must credit him with one good quality, and the rustics in Herefordshire give him another, that of being the earliest bird in the morning—"he calls the wagoner;" and this they specify in a long local rhyme, which gives, in connection with the time of rising of the respective dwellers in farmhouses there the order of the songs of other birds. Thus, cuckoo, swallow, blackbird, sparrow, starling, finch, blackcap, linnet, and, last of all, the robin—"the redbreast sacred to the household gods"—as the jingle winds up thus: "And the robin is the last to sing, because he loves the baby," which information would seem to point to the affection children have for him, which prompts them to beg that some apples shall be left on the trees in winter "for God's own bird," and to the confidence that is always established between them.

The cuckoo is of use, too, in other ways, for you can cook him and eat him, as the Italians and the Greeks do, and as they do in some some parts of Germany; and as those picturesque wanderers, the gypsies, also do, who use him as well for medicinal purposes. "A cuckoo, wrapped in a hare-skin," and applied to the wakeful one, is held by them to be a cure for sleeplessness, as it was in the time of Pliny. The "ashes," too, "of a roasted cuckoo," are prescribed by them for affections of the stomach, as they were by Rododotus; for, on one occasion, when our brush was busy, and the delights of hedgehog—"notch-witchy"—were being recounted by the dark-eyed beauty of the tribe, the "little Esmeralda," whose portrait we then were painting—the virtue of "baked cuckoo for colic" was asserted by Zibiah, and vouched for by Hulda, whose own good man had tried it. They wrap the bird in clay—as they do game, duck, fowl, and hedgehog—and put it in a hole, with a wood fire under and a sod above, so that when the baked clay afterwards is hammered off, off with it come the feathers, as do the prickles from a hedgehog, the flesh of which is pink and delicate, and the taste like sucking-pig, for we have had it, and enjoyed it, when with gypsies.

The male cuckoo is a mean bird, but the female is worse than he, being unsocial, unloving, lazy, fickle, and cruel; as she keeps to herself, does not pair, and will not build, and she chooses several nests in which to lay her eggs—which are the smallest ones laid by any British bird her size; and as she only screams when she tries to sing, and edges the young birds from their nest when her own one comes, there is not much we can say in her favour. The Greeks thought the cuckoo changed into a hawk—a belief dispelled by Aristotle—and they called him "the turtle leader," as he always preceded the turtle-dove; but "the harbinger of spring" is the name we give him, thus ignoring the song of the willow wren, to whom that name is due, and who sings before the wren.

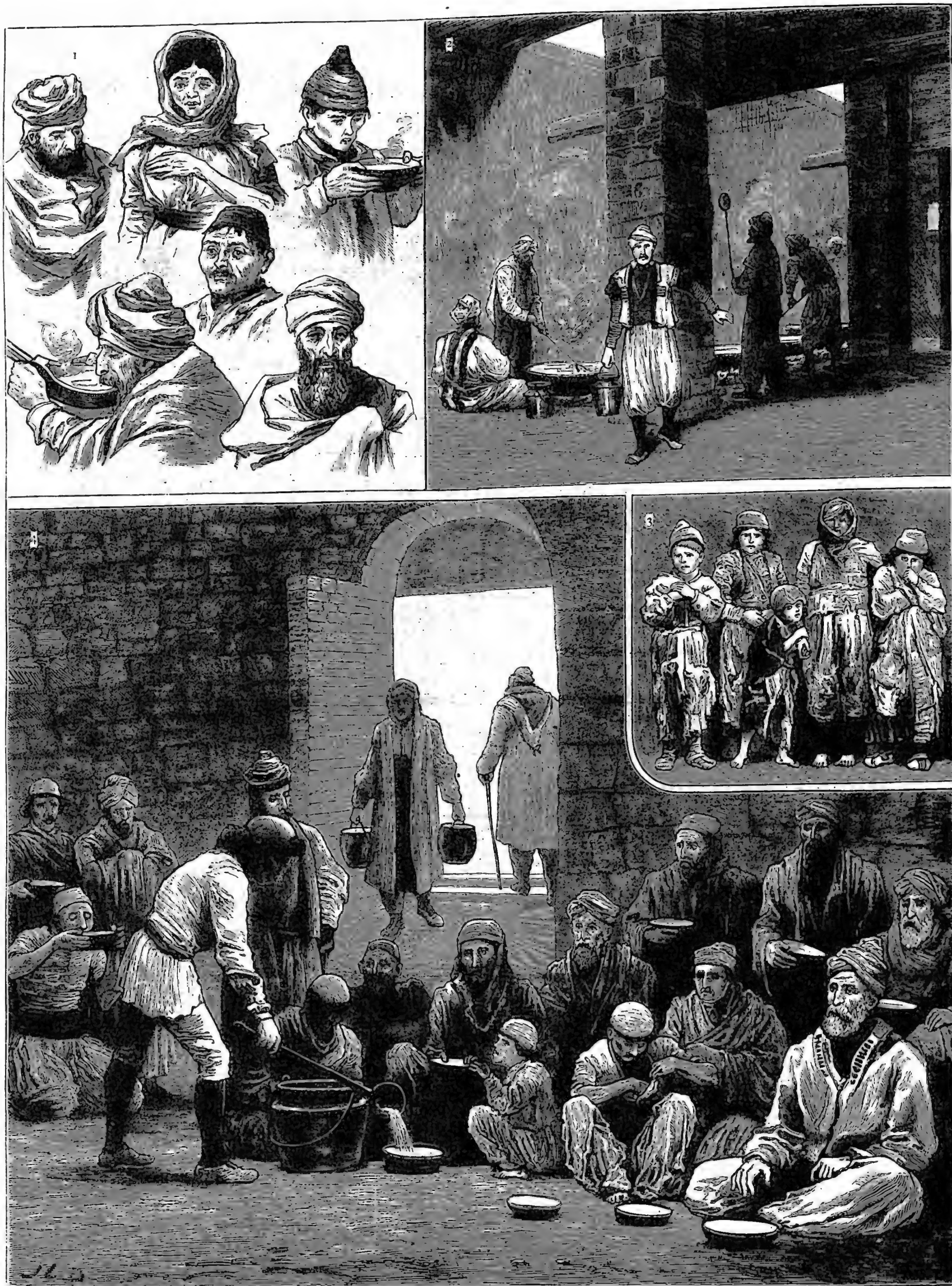
"The cuckoo comes in April, Sings a song in May, Then in June another tune, And then she flies away." Thus runs the rhyme; and that it is in June "another tune" we know, as his cry is then harsh and hoarse; and in July he begins to stammer, crying "Cuck-uck-uck-oo," as though being bothered by the pheasants, he mixed up the cries, and made a mess of it, so he soon wings off and leaves us. In saying "she" sings, the same error occurs as is made with the nightingale, as the female both chatters and screams. There are many varieties of this bird, but the only one in England, besides our own, is the yellow-billed American. For the smallest mercies we are always thankful; but while recording our joy at his speedy flight, let us put up with his noise when he comes next year, if but for the sake of the youngsters, who are as fond of his "song" as those darling girls in that picture by Mr. Millais.

S. B.

MISAPPLIED STICKING-PLASTER.—Only those whose unenviable task it is to attend to the elementary education of a class of unruly boys and girls can realise its difficulties and the sore trial of temper it frequently involves. It is precisely for this reason that those who govern by the exercise of strict discipline should themselves show absolute obedience to the rules and regulations framed for their—the teachers'—guidance. Ushers no more than other folk can always guard against hasty impulse or leaping their cooler judgment, and it is not very surprising if now and again an exasperating young rebel is made to feel the cane somewhat more smartly than Board School law countenances; but great care should be taken against the infliction of punishments which, though ingenious and seemingly simple, may inflict on the small victim actual torture and lasting injury. A case in point was brought a few days since to the notice of the magistrate at Southwark Police Court. A female teacher was summoned for assaulting a child five years old by gagging her with a plaster during school hours. The infant's father stated that the child came home from school crying and complaining of what had been done to her, and that on examining her mouth it appeared to be blistered. The teacher admitted that she had stuck a piece of sticking-plaster over the child's mouth, and gave as a reason for doing so that she would not leave off talking when requested to do so. The teacher said that she was sorry, and would not do such a thing again, and certain of the school officials having been called to give the teacher a character for kindness, Mr. Bridge, the magistrate, decided that, taking everything into consideration, the matter might be settled by ordering the defendant to pay nine shillings costs, and ordering her to enter into her recognisances to keep the peace for twelve months. There may be those who will think that the school-teacher should be exceedingly grateful, first, to her employers, who seem to have been satisfied with "reprimanding" her, and secondly, to the magistrate, who took a no less lenient view of the acknowledged assault. To gag a mere infant of five years old with a pocket handkerchief would have been bad enough, but to seal up its mouth with an adhesive patch indicates a disposition to absolute cruelty that might well be dispensed with in one to whom the care of small school children is confided. It is to be hoped that the young lady in question will take to heart the exposure she has brought on herself, at least as much as the loss of the nine shillings in which she has been mulct, and that she will henceforth abstain from "burking" unruly scholars with sticking-plaster.



Strangers Yet: Sarah Doudney; Hartleigh Towers (3 vols.); Mrs. Milne Rae. W. Isbister (Limited).
Our Sons, How to Start Them in Life: Arthur King. F. Warne and Co.
Prose Passages: Matthew Arnold; Dramatic Idylls (Second Series): Robert Browning. Smith, Elder, and Co.
The Magistrates' Pocket Guide: T. Baker. Knight and Co.
Campaigning in South Africa: Capt. W. E. Montague; Troublesome Daughters (3 vols.): L. B. Walford. W. Blackwood and Sons.
The Calendar of the University College of Wales, 1879-80. J. E. Cornish, Manchester.
Odd or Even, Vol. II.: Mrs. Whitney. Ward, Lock, and Co.
Nature's Byways: J. E. Taylor. David Bogue.
Innocence at Play (3 vols.): Jean Middlemass. Tinsley Bros.
A Handbook to Political Questions of the Day: Sydney C. Buxton. John Murray.



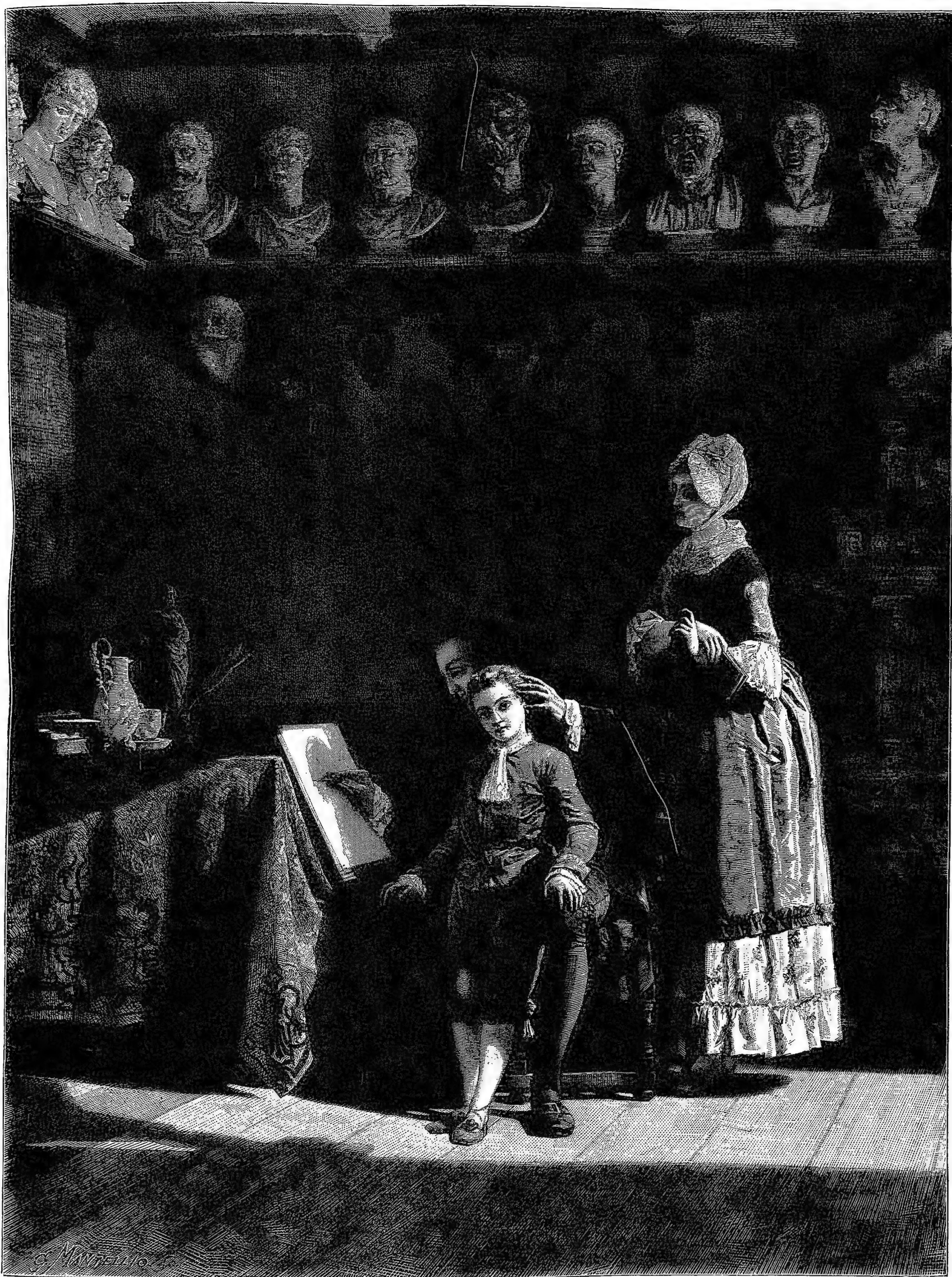
1. Some of the Sufferers.—2. The English Vice-Consul's Soup Kitchen.—3. A Group of Starving Peasants from Van.—4. Dinner Time.

THE FAMINE IN ARMENIA—SKETCHES AT DIARBEEKIR



"OLIVIA AND DICK PRIMROSE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"LAVATER AT HOME"
FROM THE PICTURE BY M. GILLI



IN "Indian Notes" (J. and A. Churchill) Dr. F. R. Hogg writes partly for soldiers; but as he gives a brief account, from a sanitary point of view, of every station both in the plains and the hills, he naturally says much that is useful to civilians. The general health notes—"Drink nothing; or, at most, 2 oz. of spirit at night only;" "Tobacco is the ruin of thousands, causing palpitation and horrible depression. It must be used in the strictest moderation;" "Avoid night chills, and use abdominal flannel belts"—are very useful. The increased growth of European vegetables is a great thing for health. We wonder that, as the potato rarely succeeds, the sweet potato is not more widely cultivated. Indian sewage is very rudimentary. Much cholera is traceable to its defects. Even the Delhi sewers—grand cloacæ built by Shah Jehan—are never flushed, and so become a line of well-polluting cesspools; but this is the case, on a small scale, in many an English country town. Dr. Hogg's account of hill stations like Landour is delightful. "Man never breathes such pure air as on the edge of the Himalaya glaciers;" but even here "the drains" are too often out of order. For consumptive patients some parts of India are strongly recommended; and the value of the much-neglected mineral springs is insisted on. The book is one that ought to be read and studied by everybody going to India, no matter in what capacity.

Those who are not satisfied with Sir Bernard Burke's "Romance of the Peerage and Baronetage," and Mr. Walford's "Country Families," will revel in the latter gentleman's second series of "Tales of our Great Families" (Hurst and Blackett). The book is a very slight one, and many of the tales—e.g., that of Lynch of Galway—have long been known to Lord Macaulay's schoolboy; but we suppose new generations are constantly growing up to listen, awestruck, to whatever happened to a race of lords, or even to a family which once had a lord in it. Mr. Walford has some good stories about the Stuart of Traquair; and about Queen Anne's proud Duke of Somerset, who mulcted one of his daughters of 20,000*l.* for sitting in his presence, and who always spoke to his servants by signs, lest the majesty of his voice should overawe them. He has unearthed at Eastwell, Lord Winchelsea's place, now rented by the Duke of Edinburgh, "the last of the Plantagenets," a son of Richard III. His slaying of Tom Thynne in Pall Mall by Count Königsmark may pass, though it has been told scores of times. But surely it was going too far to dish up again the poor "Ladies of Llangollen."

Preserving ancient monuments is in its way just as good a work as increasing the number of State holidays; and "St. Lubbock's" claim on public gratitude is certainly enhanced by the persistent zeal with which he has worked for the former object. In "Our Ancient Monuments, and the Land Around Them" (Eliot Stock) Mr. C. P. Kains-Jackson gives some account of the antiquities scheduled in the Ancient Monuments Bill. The work, like Messrs. Stock's new magazine, the *Antiquary*, is got up in that quaint old style which suits the subject; and the letter-press is full of interest to the general reader. Sir J. Lubbock prefaces the book with a sketch of prehistoric archaeology, pointing out the close connection between burial and worship, tombs and temples. Despite the doubts recently thrown on the very early date of river-drift gravels, Sir John believes in it, and consequently in the great antiquity of man, whose remains are undoubtedly found in this drift. He hopes that Mr. Jackson's book may lead many to visit the monuments therein described; and he shows how in three days a Londoner may run down and study Abury, Stonehenge, and Old Sarum in a quiet and instructive way. The local ignorance in regard to such remains is wonderful. Stanton Drew and the Stoney Littleton tumulus are both within easy distance of Bath; yet very few Bath people have seen either. Sir John's Bill protects twenty-nine monuments in England, twenty-one in Scotland, and seventeen in Ireland. Among these are Arthur's Round Table at Penrith, the Picts' Tower at Mousa, Shetland, Staigue Fort in Kerry, &c., not to name the better-known remains, such as Stonehenge. To our mind the Bill does not go half far enough. There are scores of remains in Ireland which, in the agricultural change going on in that country, will inevitably be sacrificed, and which form part of our unwritten history. The same with Wales and West Wales. Cornish remains have already suffered much; the almost unique Chyoon Castle, near Penzance, has been sadly plundered by the road-makers. The Bill does not reach west of Somerset. Devon contains no very important remains, and the Royal Duchy cannot be interfered with by Parliament. In Wales, too, nothing is scheduled, except the cromlech and barrow at Plas Newydd. We are sure Mr. Jackson's book will make landowners and farmers more careful of such remains as may be on their land, for it will show them how these things are valued by thinking men.

It is proverbially easier to write a long letter or book than a short one. Miss Ellen Barlee's "Life of the Prince Imperial" (Griffith and Farran) fills nearly 400 pages; but then it includes a life of Napoleon III., "collated" from Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's book; a description of Zululand, the story of Isandhlwana, and other more or less irrelevant matter. What directly concerns the Prince will of course be read with great interest. He was a stubborn child, showing from the first "that firmness of character which was an hereditary gift of his race." When six years old he insisted on his pet donkey going up stairs at the Tuileries, the Emperor and Empress hiding behind the curtains to watch; at Woolwich he would ride his bicycle down a flight of stone steps—risking his life, and of course destroying the machine. We can well understand what a trial the monotonous life at Camden House must have been, especially as the French newspapers—on which, and not on the Zulus, the Empress charges his death—kept calling him coward, idler, and so forth. The pity is he did not take Dr. Evans's advice, and go off to India or America, anywhere so as to be out of the way for a time. It is sad that one who was a fearless rider, gaining the first prize for horsemanship at Woolwich, should have come to grief with his horse. His rash determination to push on into danger is explained by his having overheard, a few days before the fatal reconnaissance, some one say, "one Englishman is worth five Frenchmen."

"The Sunday School Centenary Bible" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) is a worthy record of a most interesting event. We can only wish it had appeared a little sooner, for it supersedes all the former "Teachers' Bibles" with which unfortunately a large number of the helpers in our Sunday Schools are already armed. When such names as Cheyne and Sayce are associated with a work there is no need to enlarge on its value and completeness. "The Aids to the Student," comprising articles on Ethnology, Music, Weights and Measures, &c., a Concordance, numerous indices, an atlas, &c., are reprinted from the Edition of 1877. The distinctive feature of this "Variorum Bible," as it is called, is the various renderings and readings at the end of each chapter. The value of these it is hard to overrate; they will act as a buffer against the inevitable shock which the Revised Version will give to many minds. Thus the controversy on the genuineness of the closing verses of St. Mark is briefly outlined; as well as that about St. John viii.; and the exceedingly doubtfulness of 1 John v. 8, 9, is recognised. This is well; for the real strength of orthodoxy is not to try to defend indefensible positions. As the Editors say in their preface, the notes appeal at

once to the ordinary Bible reader and to the professional student; in a word, the edition is for all classes of readers, and ought to be in the hands of all. We wish there had been a brief preface to each of the Books; some, like Chronicles and Hebrews, need it. We are glad there is a briefer edition for the benefit of the weak-eyed.

Pastoral poetry in Theocritus is a very different thing from what it is in Fontenelle and Ambrose Phillips and Pope, and the rest of the artificial school. He is natural, for he is steeped in the Nature amid which he grew up. And, if any one is staggered (as the French critics were) at the delicacy and grace with which his swains address each other, Mr. Lang proves by abundant quotations from modern Greek songs that this grace belongs not to the Sicilian poet, but to the race of whom he is the mouthpiece. "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus" (Macmillan), is meant for students, for various readings are now and then given in the foot-notes; but we prophesy that Mr. Lang will have many unscholarly readers, for not only is his essay on Theocritus and his times a masterpiece, but prose is pretty generally recognised as a better vehicle for translation than verse. Even a poet-seldom succeeds in a poetical translation, though he may embody the spirit of it in a paraphrase. Theocritus lived in the early part of the third century B.C., when Greek creative genius seemed dead, and nothing but the criticisms and annotations of the Alexandrians showed that the race still had any intellectual life. "On these dim embers the God poured once again the sacred oil, and from the dull mass leaped, like a many-coloured flame, the genius of Theocritus." Those who wish to understand him and his two contemporaries cannot do better than take up Mr. Lang.

A new edition has long been called for of "The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin" (James Duffy, Dublin and London; Gill and Son, Dublin), and Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald has been able to add to his former work a great deal of unpublished correspondence. As the *Athenæum* remarked years ago, the great charm of Dr. Doyle's life is his letters to women, "comparable to those of Sulpicius Severus to Sister Claudia;" but, amid the mass of correspondence which he gives, Mr. Fitzgerald never lets us lose sight of the central figure—the strong, resolute, genial man, who battled so successfully for Catholic claims at a time when the battle seemed hopeless. Like other great men (and such he undoubtedly was) Dr. Doyle owed much to his mother; to fortune he owed nothing, for he was the posthumous son, by a second wife, of a ruined Wexford farmer. Educated at Coimbra, he took part in the rising against the French, and was under fire at Vimiera and other battles. Here he met Lord Westmoreland, who contributes to these volumes an interesting letter about him. His rise in the priesthood was very rapid, partly owing to his preaching power, mainly to that force of character which led Sidney Smith to say "Dr. Doyle is the Pope of Ireland; the ablest ecclesiastic of that country will always be its Pope." His relations with Lord Lansdowne, O'Connell, the Duke of Wellington, "Scorpion" Stanley, and other leading men, bring us into the thick of the politics of the times immediately preceding Catholic Emancipation and the establishment of the Irish Poor Law. Indeed, the book is one which ought to be largely read in England; for it is by learning something about Ireland's foremost men that we shall best get to understand that much-misunderstood country.

At first sight, "The Art of Washing," by A. A. Strange Butson (Griffith and Farran), strikes one as being a silly book. Its cover is absurdly illustrated, and it is printed on three different coloured papers, which, we are informed, are intended to represent the granite, old red sandstone, and silurian geological formations. This playful eccentricity apart, however, there are some really sensible hints and observations on the three great departments of this important "art"—personal washing, clothes-washing, and house-washing—and the curious little work is worth reading.

We suppose that "Artistic Houses" (Ward, Lock, and Co.) is an outcome of the great æsthetic craze. It is described as a handbook for all housekeepers, and is ostensibly a guide to tasteful furnishing. But there is a suspicious frequency in the mentioning of firms engaged in the trades connected with the subject; and, if we are not mistaken, a great many of the illustrations have figured, and some are now figuring, in the advertisement pages of newspapers and magazines. There is nothing new in the book.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Ivey has issued a second edition of his "Clubs of the World," a work giving particulars of the constitution, and names of the trustees and secretaries, of clubs in every civilised part of the globe, with now and then an interesting reminiscence or amusing anecdote. We are glad to see that some of the mistakes in the first edition have been rectified; but the book is still capable of improvement. A more careful revision would be beneficial; and it is absolutely necessary to be entirely dependent on the secretaries of clubs for information? In some cases these gentlemen have, with characteristic hauteur, refrained from replying to Colonel Ivey's application, so there is little or nothing recorded of the institutions to which they belong.

We may here notice, for the behoof of intending tourists, the third edition of Dr. Robert Cowie's "Descriptive and Historical Guide to Shetland," a place which is becoming, more than ever, a happy hunting ground for holiday folk. The book has been carefully revised and corrected to the present date, and visitors to these interesting islands should not be without it.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran, always mindful of the literary needs of the little ones, have added to their "Favourite Library" three prettily illustrated little volumes—"Harry's Holiday," by Jefferys Taylor; "Short Poems and Hymns," by Mrs. Trimmer; and "Right and Wrong," an anonymous history of how two little girls became, the one universally disliked, the other universally beloved.

Messrs. W. B. Whittingham and Co. have issued a second edition of Mr. John Paul Ritchie's "Sermonic Fancy Work," a very clever and delightful book, full of quaint satire, shrewdness, and earnest, elevated thought.

CAMOENS AND VASCO DA GAMA: THE TERCENTENARY AT LISBON

ONE of the most national festivals ever celebrated in honour of a poet recently took place in Lisbon. The tercentenary of Luiz de Camoens, the Shakespeare of Portugal, has met with due honour from all classes of society, from the monarch to the poorest inhabitant. Truly Camoens shared the lot of poets, he died poor, and in some measure abandoned; for he died when Lisbon and Portugal were pervaded with terror and disorder—the unlucky but heroic Dom Sebastian had just lost his crown and his life fighting against the Moors at Alcacer Quibir, and the sinister shadow of Spanish domination was beginning to spread over Portugal. If ever a nation paid a debt of gratitude and made amends for past forgetfulness, the Portuguese nation has done so now.

Camoens was essentially the poet of the people; he described the deeds of Vasco da Gama, a man of the people, and of his followers in language dear to the heart of the Portuguese, in his own mellifluous verse, which has been done into English often and again, but the peculiar charm of which can never be revived in an alien tongue. Camoens may be described as the most patriotic of poets and the most poetic of patriots. No member of the honourable Guild of Literature ever fulfilled his traditional destiny more completely than did Camoens. Like Milton, Otway, Goldsmith, Chatterton, and many others, he composed his immortal work often in sorrow and in misery, and so he died; but the gem of

genius, brilliant and enduring as the diamond, was always there, and, as is the wont of the works of those upon whom, according to the old classic legend, the gods breathed in their cradle, it has flashed out after three centuries.

The inauguration of the festival was due to the Press of Lisbon. The translation of the bones of Vasco da Gama and Camoens to the temple of the Jeronimites at Belem was a most imposing spectacle. A commission of several journalists and members of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, including Senhores Pinheiro, Chagas, Oom, Costa, Count Vidigueira, the lineal descendant of Vasco da Gama, Machado, Viscount Ribeiro Brava, and others, proceeded to Vidigueira, in Alemtejo, in the small chapel of which estate, formerly belonging to Vasco da Gama, were deposited his remains. After a religious ceremony the bones were withdrawn from the tomb where they had rested so many years, and solemnly delivered in the coffin to the Commission of Academicians and others who were appointed to accompany the remains to Belem. In the coffin, it is said, there were two skulls, and other bones more than made a complete skeleton; and it is presumed that at some period the tombs in the church had been opened by sacrilegious hands.

The coffin, in a waggon *ardente*, was brought in a special train to Barreiro on the Tagus, accompanied by the Commission. Here it was embarked on board the corvette *Mindello*, this vessel and others in port hoisting flags in the form of an arch and saluting, whilst the crews manned yards and cheered.

The coffin of Camoens had been brought from the Convent of Sant Anna to the Royal Arsenal, and was placed on board a Royal galley, manned by numerous oarsmen, which put out to meet the *Mindello*; the remains of the great Admiral were then transferred to a Royal galley, and the splendid procession moved down the river, accompanied by steamers, gaily decked and filled with crowds of sight-seers. The men-of-war and the merchant ships in harbour, all dressed with flags, made a lane on the river, and amidst cheers and the thunder of guns the great poet and the renowned Admiral of the Indian Seas were borne towards the church of the Jeronimites—a stately church which, with the adjoining convent, was erected by King Emmanuel in thanksgiving for the great discoveries and the realisation of his golden dream.

On the Belem Quay each coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage covered with flags, flowers, and wreaths of immortelles, and these were horsed by Artillerymen and escorted by Marines, with drawn swords, to the porch of the church. At the door of the temple were the King Dom Luiz, the Queen D. Maria Pia, the ex-King Dom Fernando, the Marquis Ficalho, Senhores Fontes, Sampaio, several Cabinet Ministers, foreign diplomats, and other dignitaries and official bodies. A solemn funeral office was then chanted, and the ceremony ended at about 6 P.M.

The body of Katharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II., was removed to make room for the coffins, and will be transferred to a more fitting resting-place in the Royal Mausoleum of St. Vincent.

On the 10th took place the grand commemorative procession, in which all classes took part; the King and Royal Family occupied a rich pavilion in the Commercial Square, known by the English as Black Horse Square, where all the Corporations were organised for the march. There were many emblematical cars: worthy of mention was the model, on wheels, representing the *San Rafael*, the caravel of Vasco da Gama, surrounded by boatmen carrying oars; the car representing Agriculture; that filled with arms and trophies of the Army; that of the Press, with a bust of Gutenberg; also the car representing the Arts—a magnificently-ornamented structure.

The illuminations during the evenings of the 8th, 9th, and 10th were very brilliant, and the crowds in the streets were enormous. In conclusion it may be said that there never took place in Portugal so imposing and thoroughly popular a festival as that which marked the translation of the bones of Camoens and Vasco da Gama, and the tercentenary of the poet's death.

The Tower of Belem, known also as the Castle of St. Vincent, was projected by Dom John II., for the purpose of forming a cross fire with the old tower, or *Torre Velha*, built by Dom John I. However, it devolved on his successor, King Emmanuel to carry the design into execution, which he accomplished about the year 1521, in the same style as his magnificent convent of the Jeronimites, and, as some authors affirm, to serve as protection to it. The tower was originally built on a rock in the midst of the water, but it is now connected with the township of Belem by a tract of sand. This edifice, so conspicuous for its venerable architecture, was restored by Dom Fernando, by whose directions the modern white-washed walls that so long disfigured it were pulled down, and the building repaired with scrupulous attention to its original construction.

The graceful and majestic bronze statue of Camoens in the Loretto, of double life-size, was erected some thirteen years ago. The design was furnished by Victor Bastos, the eminent sculptor, and it was cast at the works of Messrs. Collares, by Mr. Thomas Wylie, a Newcastle man, and a foreman in the establishment. The pedestal is surrounded by stone statues of some of the chief chroniclers of the Portuguese discoveries and colonial history, such as Azurara, Barros, Eannes, and others. The statue of Camoens fronts the descent of Chiado, a short street, but the most fashionable street in the city.

The Convent of the Pena, celebrated by Byron in "Childe Harold," formerly belonged to the monks of the Jeronimite Convent of Belem, and was built by King Emmanuel on the toppling rock which he so often ascended to see if he could descry the returning fleet of Vasco da Gama, and from which in fact he was the first to discover it. When the monastery was secularised and sold, the Pena became the property of a private gentleman. It was afterwards purchased in a ruinous condition by His Majesty Dom Fernando, who has changed it into a species of feudal castle, the architecture being the modern Norman Gothic of the twelfth century.



JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—A very pretty and singable song, of medium compass, is "As the Sun Went Down," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. L. Roedel.—"The Progressive Music School," edited by J. Leybach, is a very useful work for musical teachers. Nos. I. and II. are easy sonatas, the former by Latour, the latter by Vignerie.—The same may be said of "Joyful Moments" (*Chant d'Antoine*), which is No. 10 of "Popular Subjects," easily arranged for the pianoforte, by Charles Tourville. This little piece should be learned by heart.—"Air and Bourrée," by Purcell, neatly arranged in an easy form by J. B. Waldeck.—Of the same type and style are a "Pavane," a favourite of Louis XIV., arranged with taste by Frédéric Bréson, and "Gavotte du Jeune Temps," arranged for the pianoforte by G. Bachmann—the last named is the least original of the three.—No. II. of the Fourth Suite d'Orchestra is an "Air de Ballet," by J. Massenet, a brief and very lively duet for the pianoforte, well worth the trouble of learning.

MESSRS. NEUMEYER AND CO.—Seven songs of unequal merit come from hence, music by H. Hofman. "Wanda," a stirring and spirited narrative song with German and English words, the latter by Rita, is well worthy the attention of Santley.—"Repose" (Abendstille), well worthy of its name, it will improve upon

acquaintance.—Most charming of the group is "Cast in My Heart Thy Anchor," ("The Trust" ("Still dich Ein"), "In Foreign Lands" ("In der Fremde"), and "A Love Greeting" ("Liebes Gruss"), are well suited to a good tenor who can sing them in German, though, by the way, the translations are all first rate.—"Russian Lullaby" is dreary and soothing enough to send the most wakeful infant to sleep.—Two clever pieces for the pianoforte are "Noch sind die Tage der Rosen" ("Rosebuds"), a capital study for the right hand, whilst the left has a sinecure, and "Wanda," a for the right hand, whilst the left has a sinecure, and "Wanda," a bright and moderately easy mazurka which is already popular. Both these pieces are by Charles Morley, who has also composed a brace of waltzes, "In die Weite Welt" and "Frauenlob," both of which are more than usually commonplace and void of merit. Worst of the group is "Ein Schelmenstücklein" ("Only in Fun"), a feeble little melody with no pretension to fun in it. By the way, why does Charles Morley, with his unmistakably English name, print all his title-pages in German?—A sweet and flowing melody, by Fritz Spindler is, "Gondoliera" ("Meine kleine Barke"), neatly arranged for the pianoforte; a capital piece to be played in the twilight.—Two Quartettes in E flat for two violins, tenor and violoncello, composed by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, posthumous works, are "A Minuet" and an "Adagio, ma non Troppo," arranged for the pianoforte by L. Samson; the latter is a popular favourite in the concert room; both will be acceptable to drawing-room executants.—A brilliant though brief pair of pieces for the pianoforte, by H. Kjerulf, are "Wiegenslied" and "Frühlingslied," both will please after dinner.—Ten pieces of the same type by the same composer, if not quite so pleasing, are worth the trouble of learning.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—"The Old Harpsichord," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and J. L. Roeckel, is a song for all seasons, which Madame Patey has made her own. It is already an established favourite; it is published in C and E flat.—"Gone," a sentimental ballad, words by Gerald Massey, music by Agnes Wilton, is easy and of medium compass.—Prettiest of this group is "In a Devonshire Lane," written by Mary M. Lemon, music by Dermot Foyle; by the same composer is "Shamrock and Rose," words by E. Oxenford. There is a thorough Irish ring in this charming song, which is published in two keys.—In spite of a very florid accompaniment, "The Ferryman," words by Lewis Novra, music by Ciro Pinsuti, the narrative of "nigh two-score years" experience of an old ferryman will please wherever it is heard, if only correctly sung and played; the compass is from D below the lines to G above.—A simple and easy vocal duet is always eagerly welcomed by amateurs: "Twilight," a singable duet for equal voices, written and composed by Henry Hersee and Fabio Campana, is a very good specimen of its type.—"Arietta," in F, by Beethoven, transcribed for the pianoforte by Jules de Sivra in an easy form.—"Choristers' Processional March," for the pianoforte, dedicated to the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, Minor Canon of St. Paul's, composed by Arthur Briscoe, is fairly good, but more suitable for the organ than the pianoforte.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Two lively songs of a very ordinary type are "Not I," written and composed by E. Oxenford and A. Moira, and "Jack and Jill," by J. Jeannette Browne; the latter is the more original of the two, the words are very quaint.—"The Whisper of the Firs" is a fairly good ballad by the above named composer.—A neat and useful schoolroom pianoforte piece is "Autrefois," by Brinley Richards.—Very ingenious, at the same time more calculated to perplex than to assist the youthful student, are "Musical Cards," an easy method of learning the notes, at least so the nameless inventor of this system styles it, but we cannot agree with him; many a youthful tear will this so-called "easy method" be answerable for.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—A spirited song for the concert room is "The King's Champion," written and composed by E. Oxenford and M. Watson, published in D and E flat.—A cheerful love ditty for a tenor voice of small compass is "Under the Trees," the poetry by Arthur Law, the music by George Gear.—Again comes a telling march from M. Watson, called "Marche du Châtelain." The frontispiece by Laby is attractive and artistic.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Sung by Germans no doubt those who understood would appreciate the fun of "Kapucinerle," a German spelling lesson part song composed by Adolph Gollmick.—Sir Walter Scott's piquant poem, "Woman's Faith and Woman's Trust" has been ably set to music by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Cantab.—The words by Hélène Wesche of a baritone's song, "Long Years Have Vanished" are superior to the music by Marguerite Armstrong.—J. T. Trekel has caught the mania for torturing beautiful old Scottish melodies just now prevalent, especially with foreign adaptors and transcribers, "Echoes from Scotland," a "fantasia on popular Scottish Airs" is the least offensive of its kind, and neatly played would pass muster in the drawing room.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Old Jack Salt," a nautical ballad, words by Knight Summers, music by J. L. Hatton, will find special favour with the sailors, and be a trump card for a baritone at a seaside concert (Messrs. W. D. Cubitt and Son).—Thomas Hood's charming poem, "The Time of Roses," has inspired Mina Gould to write a very pleasing contralto, which is already an established favourite in the concert-room and the home circle (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—Very accommodating is a "Barcarola," published in three different keys, to be sung either as a duet or a solo, written and composed by Signori Luciano, Loparco, and Luigi Caracciolo; there is an agreeable swing and melody in this boat-song.—"Vegliando" is a pleasing romance for a baritone singer; the words are by Cesare Lisei, the music by F. Schira (Messrs. Ricordi).—There is genuine dramatic spirit and true pathos in a musical setting by J. Munro Coward of Longfellow's beautiful poem "Christie Election;" this song is published in two keys, D and E (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—A tuneful and easy song for a tenor is "Love Her Not," written and composed by Viscount Newry (Messrs. Boosey and Co.).—A merry tune and lively words are combined in "Hark to the Sleigh Bells," a solo, quartette, and chorus by Thomas P. Murphy (Messrs. S. T. Gordon and Son, New York).—"Volage," a set of waltzes by R. A. Reed, have nothing to distinguish them from a host of their fellows; the time is fairly well marked (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—"Desolate," as its name would suggest, is a very melancholy ditty, both as regards the music by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold, and the words by the late Arthur Clough (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

ROBERT ARTHUR ARNOLD, Esq., M.P. for Salford (Liberal), is the third son of the late Mr. R. Coles, of Framfield, Sussex. He was born in 1832, and commenced his career as a land surveyor and civil engineer in London, and in 1863 was appointed an Assistant Commissioner of Public Works in Lancashire, where he did useful work at the time of the Cotton Famine, of which he wrote a History. He is also the author of "From the Levant" and "Through Persia by Caravan," as well as of some novels; and he has largely contributed to the periodical literature of the last twenty years. He was for several years Editor of the *Echo* newspaper.

WILLIAM SPROSTON CAINE, Esq., M.P. for Scarborough (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. N. Caine, of Liverpool. He was born in 1842, educated at Birkenhead, and is a partner in the Holbarrow Mining Company, Cumberland, and a director of a

steamship company. He was Chairman of the Liverpool Liberal Association from 1873 to 1877, and is a staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

EDWARD HAMER CARBUTT, Esq., M.P. for Monmouth (Liberal), is a son of the late Mr. Francis Carbutt, of Chapel Allerton. He is a Town Councillor of Leeds, and in 1878 was Mayor of that borough, where he was formerly in business as a manufacturing engineer.

JOHN PASSMORE EDWARDS, Esq., M.P. for Salisbury (Liberal), is son of the late Mr. William Edwards of Blackwater, Cornwall. He was born in 1824, and educated at a small village school in his native county, but came to London at an early age, and has been for many years connected with the bookselling and publishing trade. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Echo* newspaper.

HENRY JOSEPH GILL, Esq., M.P. for Westmeath (Liberal), is the son of the late Michael H. Gill, Esq., of Dublin. He was born in 1836, educated at St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, and Trinity College, Dublin, and is the head of the publishing firm of H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

ROBERT LODER, Esq., M.P. for Shoreham (Conservative), is a son of the late Mr. G. Loder, of Wilsford, Wiltshire. He was born in 1823, educated at Cambridge, and married in 1847 a daughter of Mr. Hans Busk. He is a magistrate for Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, and Sussex, and Deputy Lieutenant for the last-named county, where he served as High Sheriff in 1877.

ROBERT BOWNASS MACKIE, Esq., M.P. for Wakefield (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Mackie, of St. John's Wakefield. He was born in 1829, educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, and was formerly in business at Wakefield as a corn merchant. Mr. Mackie, who is a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, was married in 1852, but left a widower in the following year.

JACOB HENRY TILLET, Esq., M.P. for Norwich (Liberal), was born in 1812, and admitted a solicitor in 1839. He practises at Norwich, of which city he is an alderman. He has been twice before elected for the same borough but was unseated on petition on both occasions, the last being in May, 1874, when the writ was suspended.

Our portraits are from photographs. Mr. Arnold by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Mr. Caine by Cromack, Scarborough; Mr. Carbutt by T. and J. Holroyd, Harrogate; Mr. Gill by L. Werner, 15, Leinster Street, Dublin; Mr. Edwards by C. J. Witcomb, Westminster; Mr. Mackie by G. and J. Hall, 26, Westgate, Wakefield; Mr. Loder by J. Russell and Sons, Bath Place, Worthing; and Mr. Tillet by Sawyer and Bird, London Street, Norwich.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE are signs of fair imitative power and of much sensitive feeling in "Hesperus, and other Poems," by Charles de Kay (Sampson Low), but beyond this there is little to be said in their favour. The piece which names the volume is oddly placed last, but no one can dispute the wisdom of the author's arrangement. "Poems out of Town" are tolerable little effusions by a lover of country; of their literary worth it may be enough to say that Mr. de Kay finds himself obliged to spell "endue" without the ante-penultimate letter, so as to fashion an imaginary rhyme to "youth." For "Poems in Town," there is still less to be said, "The Week" is intensely silly. Does the author never pray or think save on Sunday? A better strain is struck in the imitative ballads, for "The Four Konans" is really good and stirring; but "Ulfr in Ireland" sinks to the level of burlesque, whilst "The Tall Wheat" is painfully suggestive of Mr. Calverley's "Butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese."

Very great, though untutored power is shown in "Gwynedd, and Other Poems," by the author of "Margaret's Engagement," &c. (Moxon, Saunders, and Co.). The tragedy which forms the chief piece is at times really powerful, and would, we honestly believe, prove even more satisfactory in representation than it is in the study. The Queen of Mona's agonised speech on a mother's memories is extremely fine, as is the scene with her unknown daughter, whom she is urging to self-sacrifice. But how could the author perpetrate such a horrible line, meant for blank verse, as this?—

As brightly on the warrior's tomb as though they glittered.

Some of the minor pieces, the humorous especially, show talent.

We do not greatly care for "New and Old," by John Addington Symonds (Smith, Elder), and think it a pity that the author should have left the field in which he shows pre-eminence for one in which he has no apparent right to prevail. There are, certainly, some pleasant lines in the book, but none which justify Mr. Symonds in claiming our suffrages as a poet. Scholarly precision, and a certain amount of fancy are all that can be predicated for the volume.

It is somewhat difficult to speak of "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," by Frederick Bodenstedt, translated by E. d'Esterre (Hamburg, Carl Gräbner). The original seems to have been an elaborate hoax, for which the verses in their English form give little justification. One gets a thought tired of wine, roses, and nightingales, when few other themes occupy the singers, but some of the more serious pieces, such as that at page 181, have merit.

"Fanny: Sonnets and Poems," by Claude Duval (Simpkin, Marshall) has little merit in any way. There is no interest in the themes, and the author has evidently a defective ear for rhythm.

We ought also to notice the first volume of a collected edition of "The Works of Bret Harte" (Chatto and Windus), containing that clever writer's verses and his one play, upon which last it is impossible to compliment him. We shall look with greater expectation for his prose works.



"MARRIAGE À-LA-MODE: a Romance in the Life of a Yorkshire Squire" by "Incog." (Remington).—The worst part of this book is its preface. What in the name of all that is unfathomable could have induced the author to pen such a series of absurd letters and prefix them to the work? The book is written simply and unaffectedly, here and there the author rises to absolute pathos, but in the preface the letters are characterised by touches of dismal humour and grotesque melancholy. Had our eyes not fallen on the preface it is more than possible we should have bestowed unqualified praise on "Marriage à-la-Mode," not indeed as a work aspiring to a high moral standard, but as an eminently readable railway novel. Even now we are disposed to think that the book and its preface are the work of two distinct hands, and whilst commending the author of the novel, we condemn him of the preface. The heroines reminds us somewhat of beings "faultlessly faultless," the one guilty of loving not wisely, but too well; the other, of loving not at all. These trifling defects in their otherwise perfect characters only serve to elevate them in the views of "Incog," love without marriage and marriage without love being synonymous terms in the author's creed.

"Grisel Romney," by M. E. Fraser Tytler (Marcus Ward and Co.).—This is a very different sort of book to the last. The

authoress wisely puts her foot down on that pernicious habit of adopting the three-volume standard as the official gauge for all works of fiction. As a rule, all that a novelist cares to say can be said in two volumes, and the third is merely padding. "Grisel Romney" is an unaffected tale of English country life. There is no sensationalism in it—merely the ordinary pictures one sees in every day life of true love wasted on unworthy objects, yet ennobled by the sacrifices it has in honour been bound to make. Some may deride the book as wishy-washy. We own it does not aspire to the rôle essayed by the author of "Marriage à-la-Mode;" yet to our minds it contains a truer picture of English life, and can, without fear of harm, be placed in the hands of any child out of her teens.

"A Cruel Secret," by Lolo (Tinsley Brothers).—The authoress of this work has done wisely to avoid giving her name to the public. She evidently is a young lady just emerged from a school where ladylike manners were not included in the category of studies. A more commonplace story it has seldom been our lot to read.

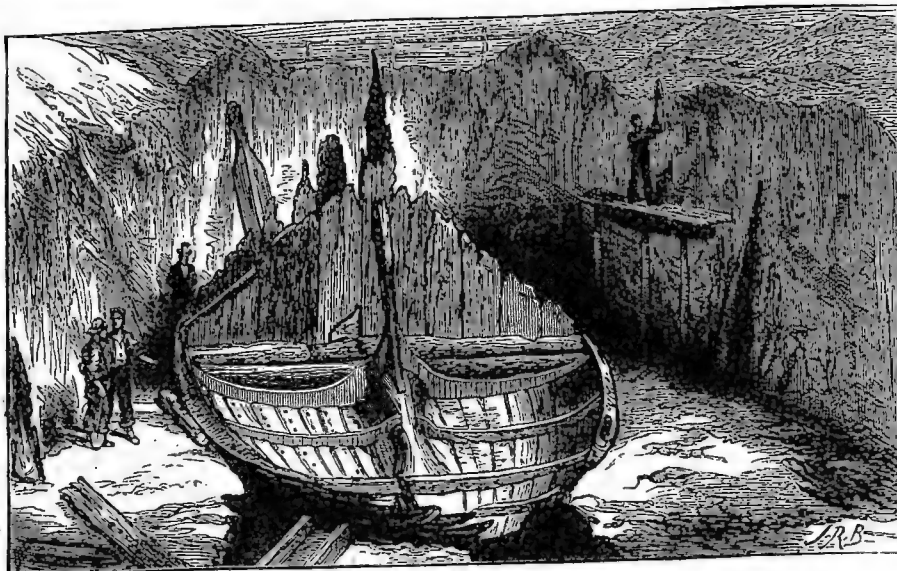
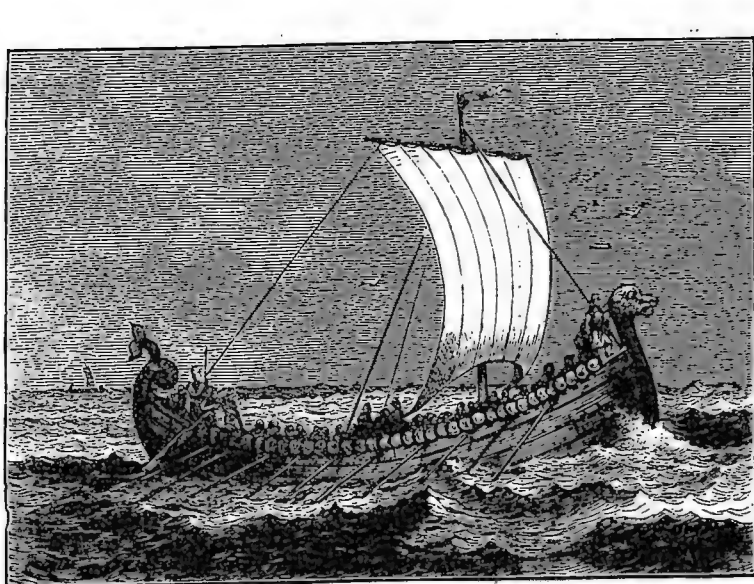
"The Fair-haired Alda," by Florence Marryatt (Samuel Tinsley and Co.).—Bigamy and murder form the staple incidents in this extremely sensational novel, which combines some of this able writer's most brilliant efforts with her most baneful ideas. The book is incapable of doing good; but it is quite capable of doing harm. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that it would have been better both for the author and for the public had it never been written.

"Lisa's Love," by Lady Lindsay of Balcarres (Moxon, Saunders, and Co.).—This, which is one of Moxon's "Complete Novels for Sixpence," is a pretty and gracefully told story. It has one peculiarity. Although the heroine is loveable and loving, she has no lover. Only a woman could so well have described such self-forgetting sisterly love as that of Lisa, who enlists our sympathies thoroughly. The scene of the story is laid among the Tyrolean peasantry; and, from a hint given in the prologue, the story appears to have some foundation in fact.

"Shaw's Farm," by Mrs. Frederick Locker (Religious Tract Society).—This lady, who has already proved, in one or two other publications, that she can bring the incidents and doctrines of Scripture vividly before the persons who attend "mothers' meetings," displays in this little book a decided gift for story-telling. The characters are natural and well-defined, and there is an unforced pathos in the telling of the tale which it is difficult to withstand. With young people, especially, the book is sure to be a favourite.

AQUEOUS ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Should the Government be induced to take on itself the responsibility of a pure and abundant supply of water for the metropolis, it will be in its power by one small act of grace in connexion with the new department to win the gratitude and good wishes of thirsty thousands. The act referred to is the grant of a gratuitous service of water for drinking fountains and cattle troughs. At the twenty-first annual meeting of the Association in question the secretary made known that the cost of the water consumed by man and beast through the Society's appliances is 12l. 5s. per day, or 4,740l. per annum. Another formidable item of necessary expenditure is the keeping the fountains and troughs in repair, and singularly enough, within 5s. a day a sum similar to that above quoted is required for the purpose. The number of drinking fountains owned at present by the Society is 349, and of cattle troughs they have 386, and it is computed that at the former 400,000 men, women, and children daily slake their thirst, while the troughs are thankfully resorted to between morning and night by 200,000 horses, oxen, sheep, and dogs. No one can for a moment question the great usefulness of the Society's operations, or wish any other than that the good work may receive such encouragement as will provide for an increased number of both fountains and troughs. Just now, however, the flow of money to the Society's exchequer is scarcely so generous as that of the sparkling element it provides, and of which so many thousands of the public are glad to avail themselves. Indeed, it was the secretary's duty to announce that the income for the past year was eight hundred pounds less than the expenditure. This is scarcely as it should be. With "coffee taverns" springing up in every part of London, and with the Temperance cause generally flourishing as it never flourished before, it is scarcely likely that this falling-off of the Society's funds is an indication that this important branch of the total abstinence movement finds less favour than in time past. As was remarked by Lord Derby, who was present at the meeting, "it is not only a benevolent but a beneficial institution. It created no paupers, encouraged no impostors, humiliated no deserving applicants, did nothing which people could do for themselves, perpetrated no jokes, and fattened no officials at the public expense." Scarcely less happy than this eulogy was his lordship's hint that people might achieve a useful local and parochial immortality on very reasonable terms by bequeathing money to the Association to provide and maintain a drinking fountain dedicated to their memory.

VICTIMS OF THE RAIN AND THE RIVER.—The heavy rain storms that last week visited the metropolis were, as usual, a source of great discomfort to the poor people residing in low-lying districts near the Thames. Kitchen and ground-floor living rooms were suddenly inundated, and for days afterwards dismal tokens of the damage done appeared in shape of carpets, beds, and mattresses laid out to dry in the sun. What, however, would be an ever memorable calamity to folks more happily circumstanced, is a mere passing inconvenience with these unfortunate Thames-side dwellers. They are used to being "flooded out" in some way or other, and, after all, a rain deluge is not much to grumble about, compared with the periodical river risings to which they are accustomed. The worst of it, in the latter case, is that the mischief is not at an end when the evil-smelling water has been baled or pumped out, and the miry sediment scraped and scrubbed from the floor-boards. The same apartments commonly serve for sleeping as well as living in, and a hurried endeavour is made to make them tidy and "comfortable" again. Large fires are piled in the grate; iron pots and frying-pans are filled with sand, which, being made scorching hot, is strewn on the floors, so that a surface dryness is very quickly produced, and the apology for a carpet again spread, and the bedsteadless bed "made up" in a corner for the children. There may still linger about the premises a nasty smell, but nobody heeds that. There always is an unpleasantness of that kind on such occasions. The floor boards have been restored to their ordinary complexion, but the space beneath is filled with malodorous mud, the poisonous vapours from which rise through chinks and crevices, and have an affection for the draught of the chimney of the fireplace, round which the family assemble. It is impossible without a shudder to think of the children put to sleep on a mattress separated by a mere inch of planking from a composition such as would poison a water rat. And speaking of rats reminds us of an anecdote that was related by a flooded out inhabitant of Bankside. "Do you find that the river rats get into the houses with these overflows?" "I can't say as I do," was his reply, "but the water very much disturbs the reglar ones wot live on the premises. They saved the lives of three of our young 'uns, the rats did, the last time the river came in at night. They slept downstairs, and the missus and me slept upstairs. We woke up by a rushing about the room and a squeaking. It was rats. They had been drowned out of their holes, and had come upstairs out of the way of the water. When I ran downstairs it was a good three foot deep, and within an inch of the top of the box the young 'uns was laying on, and all of 'em still fast asleep."



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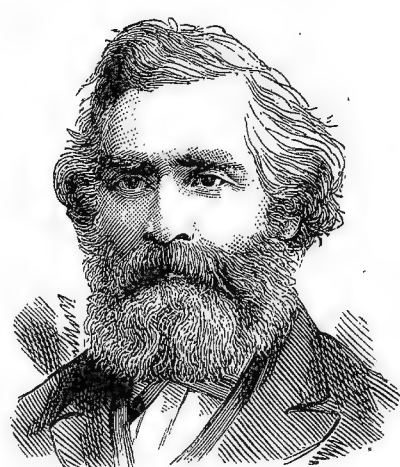
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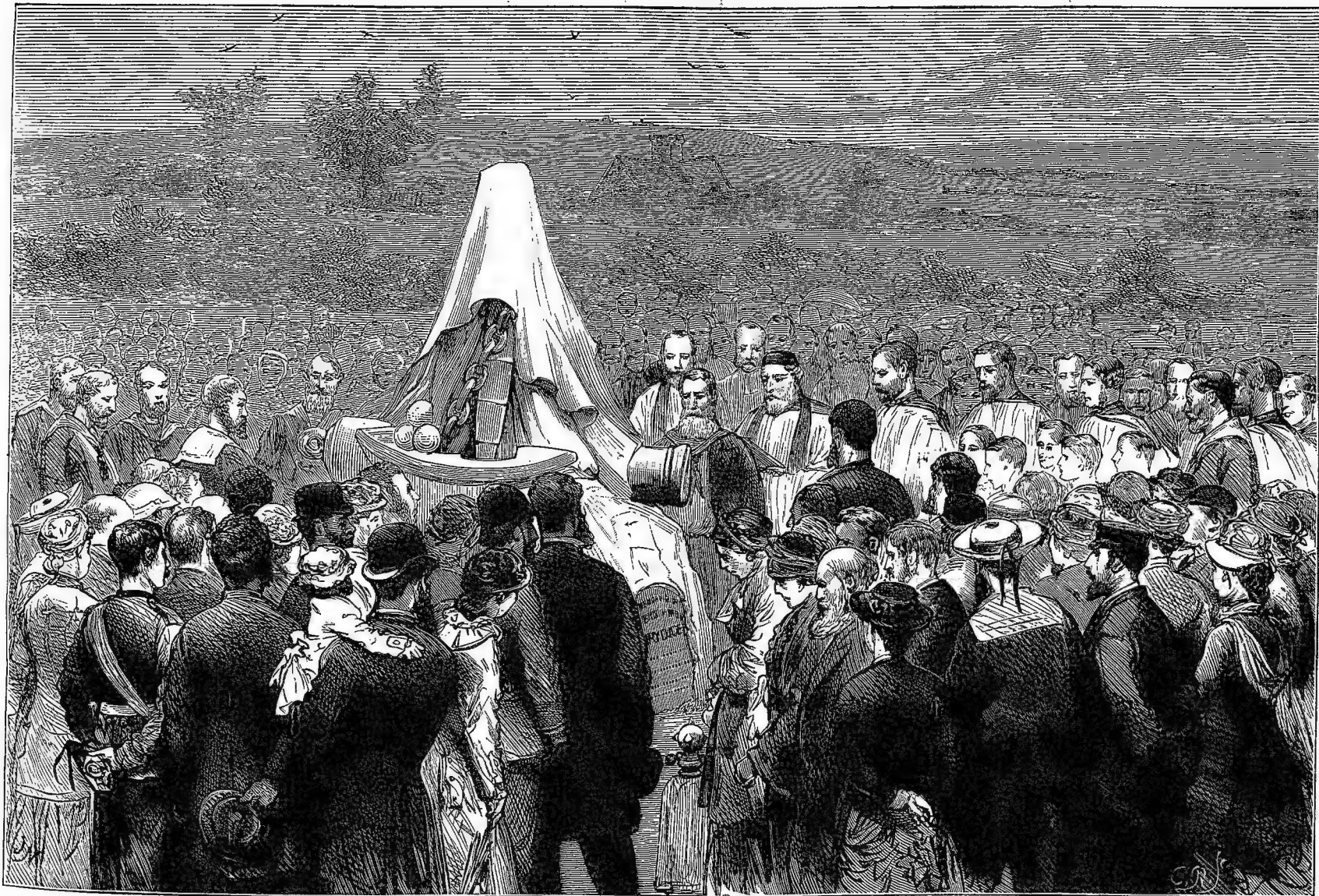


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NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—VII.



UNVEILING THE MONUMENT TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.S. "EURYDICE" IN SHANKLIN CEMETERY, ISLE OF WIGHT

against the Company who pleaded "contributory negligence," but the jury gave her a verdict for 900/. The Exchequer Division then granted a rule absolute for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence and the damages excessive. This decision was reversed by the Court of Appeal, though at the same time it directed the reduction of the damages to 700/., and now the House of Lords has reversed this last decision, sending down the case for a new trial, two of the four judges, however, suggesting that a compromise might be effected.

ALLEGED CRUELTY AND NEGLECT.—Two dreadful cases of alleged cruelty and neglect are reported this week. In one case the statement is that an old man of eighty-four has been locked up for some months in a disgustingly dirty room at Lambeth, and nearly starved to death. He contrived to make his condition known to a neighbour, and has now been released. The man who is said to have shut him up is now in custody on remand, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of the old man's daughter on a

charge of being concerned in the alleged ill-treatment of her father. The other case is that of a little girl aged six, who has been found in an unfurnished room in Lisson Grove, in a fearfully emaciated condition. In this case it is not yet known who is to blame.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.—Much attention has been drawn to the case of a lad named Arthur George, aged eighteen, whom the Cambridge magistrates have sentenced to three months' hard labour, without the option of a fine, for stealing a rose-bud and a geranium from a garden.

MADNESS AND MURDER.—The conviction and sentence to death of James Sweetland, of Holloway, who a few weeks ago killed his neighbour by shooting him, has attracted much attention on account of the plea of insanity which was set up on his behalf, and the Home Secretary is to be petitioned in his favour. It was alleged that his brain had been affected by two severe accidents which he had met with, and it was admitted that he was frequently

intoxicated, and had been drinking heavily immediately before the perpetration of the outrage, for which there does not seem to have been the smallest provocation. The jury, in finding him guilty of wilful murder, seem to have had in view the deliberate manner in which he loaded his gun with large shot, specially bought for the purpose, which certainly looks very like premeditation. The Russian, Salenskam, who attacked and killed a man at the City of London Union last week, has been taken to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, by order of the Home Secretary. He is said to be hopelessly mad.

THE LAMBRI-LABOUCHERE CASE.—Lady Sebright, who has just returned to England from a tour in the East, having had her attention directed to the statement made by Lambri during the trial of this case, that she won 1,000/., at cards from him in her house, says that it is utterly void of foundation. The only occasion upon which any money passed was when she paid to Lambri a few shillings which she had lost to him at a round game.

MARRIAGE.

On the 29th ult., at Carigaline Church, by the Rev. William Walker, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Green, GEORGE J. GOULD, Captain Royal Engineers, eldest son of Captain GOULD, of Upwey, Dorsetshire, to ELLEN LOUISA, second daughter of STANDISH D. O'GRADY, Esq., of Aghamara Castle, Co. Cork.

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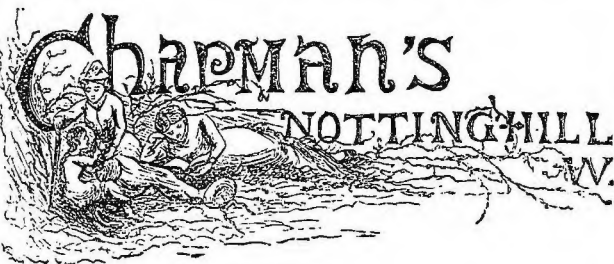
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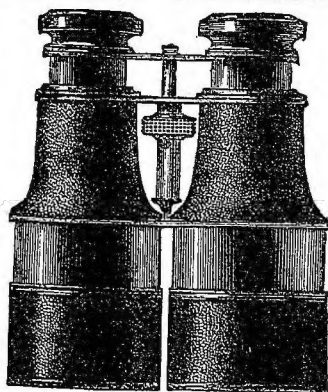
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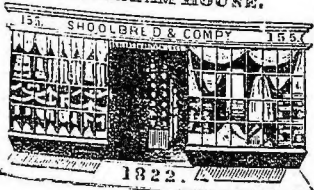


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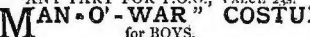
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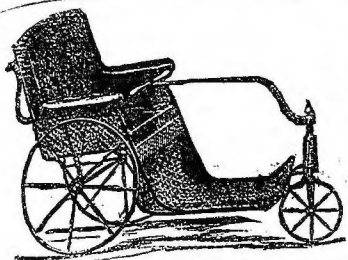
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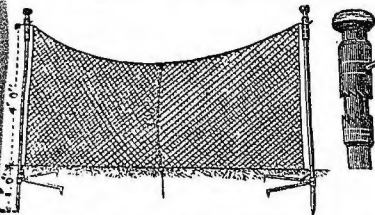
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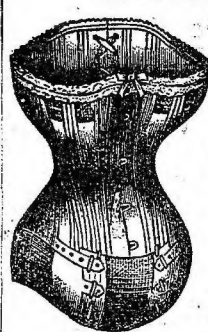
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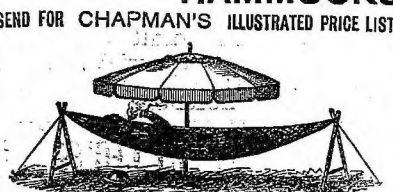
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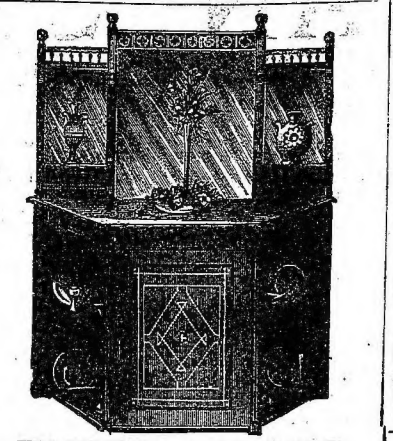
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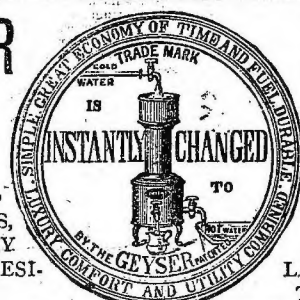
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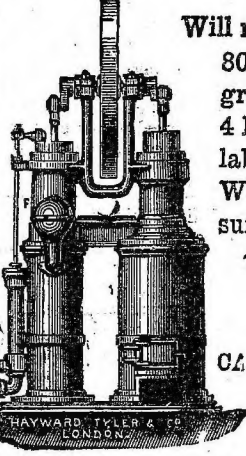
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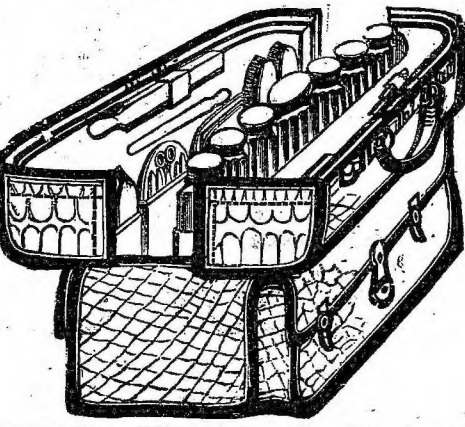
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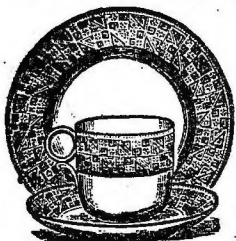
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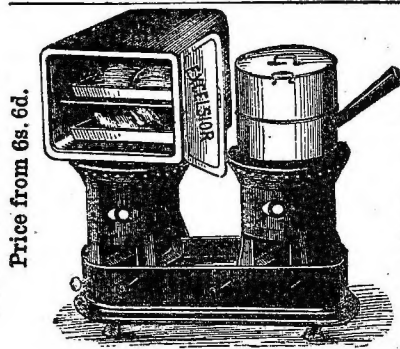
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